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A SCHOOL EDITION OF THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

EDITED BY
C. J. HALL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF THE
PRINCIPAL PERSONS MENTIONED

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PREFACE

ALL teachers of history will agree that it is desirable for pupils, in dealing with the seventeenth century, to make acquaintance with Pepys' Diary. Yet to introduce them to the Diary as it stands may prevent the desired end being reached. The work may repel by its bulk, by the vastness of the ground covered, and by the multitude of persons, many of them of no importance, to whom Pepys refers. How then may one help pupils to read the Diary with pleasure and profit? It seems to the Editor that a possible method is to place in their hands, in a moderate compass, such a selection as will grip their interest and at the same time, by grouping the selected entries under convenient headings, enable them to read with a definite end in view. To make such a selection, and to group the passages thus, is all that he has attempted to do; and if this volume leads the pupils in later years to read the complete Diary, it will have fulfilled its purpose.

No alterations have been made in the extracts, save the unpleasant but necessary operation of omitting what seemed least important. The text followed is that of Lord Braybrooke, as it stands in Messrs. Bell's edition (Bohn's Libraries series). It has not been thought necessary or desirable to alter the spelling, and to tamper with Pepys' grammar would be vandalism.

It is scarcely necessary to say that in preparing the introduction and the brief chapter-headings, much is owing to the splendid edition edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, to the Dictionary of National Biography, and to the penetrating and lively accounts of Pepys to which reference is made below.

As to the pronunciation of the name, one can but repeat what these writers have pointed out, that it is quite uncertain whether Pepys pronounced his name as *Peeps*, *Peps* or *Papes*. It is unlikely that he called it *Peppis*. Mr. Lubbock strongly favours *Peeps*.

The most complete edition of the Diary is that edited by Mr. Wheatley and published by Messrs. Bell. Convenient

editions of the selection edited by Lord Braybrooke are published by Messrs. Bell, Dent, and others. The following studies are noteworthy:

“Samuel Pepys”; P. Lubbock. (Hodder & Stoughton, and Nelson.)

“Samuel Pepys”; A. H. Moorhouse. (Leonard Parsons.)

R. L. Stevenson's essay on Pepys in “Men and Books.”

INTRODUCTION

I. THE PERIOD COVERED BY THE DIARY

THE great historian Froude, himself so eminent a master of the art of vivid description, in one of his most splendid passages, dwells on the difficulty of picturing adequately the life of a past age. "They cannot come to us," he says, "and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them." There is at least one period in our history where this is not the case—the period covered by the Diary of Samuel Pepys. For in that remarkable work the picture of his age is painted so vividly that after perusing it we feel as though we ourselves had dwelt among the scenes he describes, and held converse with the people he met. Unhappily the period is short; the Diary extends only from January 1st, 1660, to May 31st, 1669. Before making acquaintance with the diarist or his work, it will be well to glance very briefly at the period itself.

When the year 1660 dawned,¹ the end of the Commonwealth was nigh at hand. In the great storm that had swept over England on September 3rd, 1658, the mighty spirit of Oliver Cromwell had passed; and with him went the power to hold together the new Constitution that had been set up in England. In truth the country was growing weary of Puritan rule. The memory of Stuart tyranny was fading. A generation had grown up which knew little of the Star Chamber or the High Commission Court, or the acts which had led men like Hampden to stand in arms against the King. The execution of Charles I had horrified many of the supporters of the Parliament; others, who held strongly to the need for Parliamentary rule, had been alienated by the expulsion of the Rump, and the failure of the Parliaments called by Cromwell. Nor could the solid prosperity of the country under the Protector's rule, or the glory gained abroad, conceal the fact that it was, after all, the rule of a single person. The Cavaliers, afraid to stir in arms as long as the Protector lived, waited and hoped for the time when "the

¹ Throughout this volume the year is regarded as beginning with January 1st. Officially it did not begin till March 25th, but it was the general custom, followed by Pepys, to count December 31st as the end of the year.

King should enjoy his own again"; others, including many of the most thoughtful of the Parliamentarians, looked forward with apprehension to what would follow when the great ruler was no more. And the mass of the people, no longer under the sway of the great impulse towards Puritanism which had swept the country a generation earlier, were weary of the austerities of the Presbyters' rule. Yet so mighty was the spell of the great leader's name, that on his death his son Richard succeeded peacefully to the office of Protector.

But the force that had reconciled factions and terrorized enemies was gone. Before long Richard Cromwell found himself harassed and thwarted; some of his ostensible supporters were in secret communication with the exiled Charles Stuart; others, like General Lambert, hoped that they themselves might play the part of Oliver; and Richard, "the foolish Ishbosheth," laid down his office and withdrew into private life. In October, 1659, the Rump, which had resumed its sittings, was again expelled by Lambert, and the country saw itself faced with the prospect of Civil War. But the greatest military force in Britain was the army in Scotland, under the charge of a slow, silent, fearless commander, George Monk, to whom the Parliament appealed. On New Year's Day (the very day that the Diary opens) Monk set out for London, which he entered on February 3rd, determined in his own mind to bring about the only thing which to him seemed able to assure peace—the restoration of Charles. Playing his game very skilfully, he kept the goodwill of the City, and finally declared openly for "a free Parliament." Accordingly on March 16th, the celebrated Long Parliament, which had done and suffered so much, dissolved itself after issuing the writs for the election of a Convention. This assembly, meeting in April, opened negotiations with Charles, who issued a Declaration promising to submit all matters to Parliament. Thereupon he was invited to return, and entered London on May 29th, 1660. The old army was disbanded, and the men who had broken the power of Charles I quietly returned to their homes and former employments. By the great bulk of the nation the new King was greeted with a frenzied loyalty; the services of the Established Church were restored; the bishops resumed their seats in the House of Lords; a number of the judges of Charles I were executed; and new laws bore heavily on the Nonconformists. Meanwhile the reaction against Puritanism ran strongly among the wealthy classes. Charles, though possessing great ability, was an idle profligate, who surrounded himself with worthless favourites,

and the evil example of the Court set the fashion towards a great decline in morals. The Government services were undermined by corruption and neglect. While on the one hand worthy old Cavaliers complained that their past services were neglected and scorned, men saw on every side administration weakened by luxury, profligacy, and favouritism. Meanwhile the old enmity between England and Holland had brought about the Dutch War [1665]. The conflict brought little glory to England, and the only consolation to be found in it is the spectacle of the bravery of the seamen, and the great services of a few honest leaders such as Monk, Sandwich, and Mings. A brief peace was concluded in 1667. Meanwhile London had been scourged by plague and fire. The war was renewed in 1672, but by that time Pepys, sorely troubled by failing sight, had ceased to keep his Diary.

II. PEPYS THE OFFICIAL

SAMUEL PEPYS, known honourably to his own age as a zealous and capable public servant, and to later ages as the most entertaining of all diarists, was born in 1633. His ancestors had long dwelt in Cambridgeshire, though it is not certain whether he himself was born there. The family, though of good repute, was not wealthy. His father was in business in London as a tailor. To this business, when his father retired to live at Brampton, Samuel's brother, Tom Pepys, succeeded, but did not make a success of it. Samuel himself, the only capable member of the family, was educated at Huntingdon and St. Paul's School, finally becoming a student at Magdalene College, Cambridge. It has been suggested that he was enabled to do this through the assistance of a powerful cousin of his father, Sir Edward Montagu. Pepys was doubtless a diligent student, but the fact is on record that on one occasion he was admonished for having been "scandalously overserved with drink"—doubtless an occasion on which his convivial nature led him into an excess such as he occasionally deplores in his Diary, ("Almost foxed with wine, God forgive me!"). In 1655, when only twenty-two years of age, and quite without resources, he married a beautiful girl of fifteen, the daughter of a French Huguenot. Sir Edward Montagu (who was the "My Lord" so frequently mentioned in the Diary) came to the help of Pepys, employing him as a sort of secretary, and later obtaining for him a post under Sir George Downing in the Exchequer. This is the

post he held at the time the Diary opens. But early in 1660, Montagu, who commanded the fleet which brought Charles II from Holland, invited Pepys to go with him as his secretary—very fortunately for later readers, for Pepys, now a thorough Royalist, gives a vivid account of the voyage. On his return, Montagu, now created Lord Sandwich, secured for Pepys the post of Clerk of the Acts of the Navy Office, an important post which he held for thirteen years, rendering very efficient service. By his ability, his unwearied industry, and a degree of honesty which, though below modern standards, was high for that corrupt age, he gradually became “the right hand of the Navy,” and increased in wealth and repute. He filled other important offices, such as that of Treasurer for Tangier. During the Plague he stuck manfully to his work, rendered good service during the Fire, and bore the brunt of the administration during the Dutch War. When Parliament, angered by the failures of the war and the disgrace of the Dutch attack in the Thames, set up a Committee of Enquiry, and the officers of the Navy Board were called to the Bar of the House to justify their conduct, it was Pepys who undertook their defence. Rising nobly to the occasion, he spoke for three hours, and with such effect that no further action was taken. But meanwhile his eyes, weakened by increasing toil, had become very troublesome, and in May, 1669, he closed the Diary he had kept so fully for eight and a half years. The rest of his career may be traced very briefly. He took a holiday abroad to rest his eyes; on his return (November, 1669), his wife died, and he did not marry again. In 1673 he became Secretary for the Navy, and a Member of Parliament. During the insane panic over the so-called Popish Plot (1679), Pepys was accused of being a Roman Catholic, and for a short time was imprisoned in the Tower, being released without trial. For three years he was not in any public employment, but when in 1683 Charles II determined to carry out reforms in the Navy, he turned at once to Pepys, who again became Secretary. This office he held till after the Revolution, being deprived of it in 1689. From that date until his death in 1703 he lived in retirement, interested in literature, art, and science, and with a host of distinguished friends such as John Evelyn, Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Christopher Wren. So Pepys went down to his grave full of years and honour, leaving behind him the reputation only of a capable and efficient administrator, and a supporter of learning. But after more than a hundred years a new Pepys was revealed to the astonished world.

III. PEPYS THE DIARIST

WHEN Pepys died, he left his splendid library to his nephew, with instructions that on the latter's death it was to go to one of the University colleges. Accordingly in 1724 it was handed over to Magdalene College, which Pepys had always loved. Among the books were six manuscript volumes, containing some 3,000 pages, filled with closely-written shorthand entries. For nearly a century these reposed on the shelves, no one dreaming of the treasure concealed within them. But in 1819 a few pages were deciphered, and proved so interesting that it was decided to transcribe the whole. This was done by Rev. John Smith and in 1825 Lord Braybrooke edited an edition containing about half of the whole work.

The wonderful charm of the book is probably due to the fact that Pepys certainly never intended it for publication. He jealously guarded the secret of its existence, mentioning it only once, and then he regretted doing so. Moreover, he kept it in shorthand, following a system invented by Thomas Shelton, and certain very private passages he wrote in Latin, French, or Spanish. There have been other great diarists, whose works well repay reading; but in most cases the diaries were obviously intended ultimately for publication, and hence the writer never reveals himself fully. It was not so with Pepys. His inmost thoughts are laid bare; he records all his actions, desires, and opinions with a fulness and a frankness that exhibit all his failings, in a way no other writer has ever done. In his lively pages are recorded countless things he saw and heard, and his frank judgments on those whom he met, great or small. In the same entry he will recount grave affairs of state and the most trivial details of his home, dress, or pleasures. The following entry will serve as an illustration of this point:

"January 19th [1661]. To the Comptroller's, and with him by coach to White Hall; in our way meeting Venner and Pritchard upon a sledge, who with two more Fifth Monarchy men were hanged to-day, and the first two drawn and quartered. Went to the Theatre, where I saw 'The Lost Lady,' which do not please me much. Here I was troubled to be seen by four of our office clerkes, which sat in the half-crowne boxe, and I in the 1s. od. From hence by linke, and bought two mouse-traps of Thomas Pepys, the Turner."

So wonderfully varied is the volume that at times one forgets that Pepys, the retailer of gossip and scandal, was also the great naval worker and organizer. Perhaps his greatest charac-

teristic is his wonderful curiosity and his abounding joy in all aspects of life. Like Ulysses, he might have said that he would "drink life to the lees." He loved display and rich dresses, noble dwellings and costly furniture, and the society of the great ; yet he was delighted also with a shepherd on the Downs, reading his Bible. He revelled in beautiful pictures, good books, sweet music, wine and plays ; yet he loved also good sermons and the company of learned men. Pretty women charmed him always, which gave rise to much jealous anger on the part of Mrs. Pepys, and not without cause ; yet he sincerely loved his wife. He was a good son and a generous brother, though not sparing in his comments on the faults and follies of his relatives. He was a courtier, yet respected the virtues of the Puritans, and though he would never have died for his convictions, as did Sir Harry Vane, whose fearless end he records at length, yet he did his duty faithfully throughout the Plague. His many shortcomings, all freely exposed in the pages of the Diary, do not render him at all an unlovable person in the reader's eyes.

It may truthfully be said of Pepys that whatever he did—whether it was work or pleasure—he did with all his heart. And it is this quality of being "mightily pleased" with everything that renders the book one of such surpassing interest. For he touched all aspects of English life of his day. In his pages we see the Court and the Office, the players in the theatre, the cock-fighting and the dicing, the horrors of the Plague and of the Fire, the citizens at church and at their feasts, the 'prentices in uproar and the Lord Mayor at his banquet, the open-air execution and the pillory, the great highway of the Thames and the dangers of the streets, the Nonconformists seized at a conventicle, and the seventeenth-century marriage customs—truly a rich feast for modern readers, who, as they lay down the book, may thank the immortal diarist for the fact that they, too, have been "mightily pleased."

CHAPTER I

THREE NOTABLE ENTRIES

[A special interest attaches to these three entries, In the first, Pepys exhibits at once his mingling of domestic and public affairs which characterizes the Diary throughout. In the second, he records the only instance of his mentioning the Diary, and he regretted the reference. In the third, which is most striking in its quiet dignity and pathos, he bids farewell (as it proved for ever) to his loved Journal.]

I.—THE FIRST ENTRY OF THE DIARY.

January 1st, 1660.—Blessed be God, at the end of the last year, I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold. I lived in Axe Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.

The condition of the State was thus, viz., the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will, without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high ; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires and the hopes, and the expectations of all : twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to

demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house and my office, which at present is somewhat certain. Mr Downing master of my office.

II.—PEPYS MENTIONS HIS DIARY.

March 9th, [1669].—Up, and to the Tower; and there find Sir W. Coventry alone, writing down his Journal, which, he tells me, he now keeps of the material things; upon which I told him, and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think, that I kept it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry almost that I told him, it not being necessary, nor may be convenient to have it known.

III.—THE LAST ENTRY.

May 31st, [1669].—Up very betimes, and continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes, and my neglect for a year or two, hath kept me behindhand in, and so as to render it very difficult now, and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein. Had another meeting with the Duke of York, at White Hall, on yesterday's work, and made a good advance: and so being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier, and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall be ever able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not

able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand ; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear : and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in longhand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know ; or, if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in shorthand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave ; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me !

S. P

CHAPTER II

MR. PEPYS HELPS TO BRING THE KING HOME, AND SEES HIS CORONATION

[The vigour and vivacity of Pepys' detailed account of the return of Charles II well illustrates what has been said as to his overflowing interest in all passing events. In the first extract quoted here, when Monk had declared for a free Parliament, we see the City ablaze with bonfires, and roasting rumps in derision of the assembly that had condemned Charles I. Then we see the dissolution of the Long Parliament, and now people "talk loudly of the King." Montagu, as one of the two Generals of the Fleet, with Pepys as his secretary, proceeds in the *Swiftsure* to the Downs, where he transfers to the *Naseby*, and awaits the orders of the Convention. When the King's return is decided upon, London again is wild with joy, even drinking the King's health kneeling, which, says Pepys, "is a little too much." Upon receipt of orders, Montagu calls a council of commanders, and a vote in favour of Charles passes without opposition, although Pepys remarks, some of them at heart were against it. No doubt they were. Many of them were staunch Puritans who had fought under Blake, and did not change readily. Then Pepys, already thrilled with pride at being addressed as *Esq.*, goes to all the ships to read the King's Declaration, and a proud man he is to play such a part and to be received with such honour. And so the fleet weighs anchor, and away to fetch the royal exile. When The Hague is reached, Pepys, with his insatiable curiosity, must get leave to go on shore to see the place, the Prince of Orange, and finally the King. Charles impressed him as

"a very sober man." In later days he revised that judgment. In due course the royal brothers come aboard, and re-name the ships. One can well imagine that such names as *Naseby* and *Cheriton* reminded Charles too painfully of crushing Royalist defeats. The *Naseby* became the *Royal Charles*—a type of the change that was coming over England; but neither King nor diarist could foresee how that vessel was destined to become a source of bitter humiliation. And so, in high good humour, the fleet steers for England, while Charles amused the company by narrating his adventures after Worcester with such spirit that Pepys, already a fervent Royalist, was ready to weep with pity. At Dover we see the exuberant loyalty with which Charles was welcomed. Yet even now the leaven of Puritanism was strong, for the Mayor presented him with a Bible! It is safe to say that twenty years later no one would have dreamed of presenting the King with a Bible. The irony of the scene is heightened by the gravity with which the utterly irreligious monarch took it, saying that he loved it above all things. Charles was not lacking in sardonic humour, and probably appreciated keenly the situation. So he parted for London, while on board his ship even the mark where he had measured his height must be gilded and surmounted by a crown. Well might Montagu be content with the success of his mission. Yet he was to learn that the favour of the Stuarts was an uncertain thing. Altogether Pepys' vivid description shows a people's rapturous welcome of an exiled prince—and there were no foreshadowings of that dark day when the same shores should re-echo with the sound of an enemy's guns, and all men should "talk of Oliver, and the brave things he did."

In the concluding extract we have a brilliant picture of the coronation of Charles, related as only Pepys could do it; for not all his account of high solemnities could prevent him narrating at length his own doings, even to the dishes on which he dined.]

February 3rd, [1660].—We went walking all over White Hall, whither General Monk was newly come, and we saw all his forces march by in good plight, and stout officers.

February 11th.—I heard the news of a letter from Monk, who was now gone into the City again, and did resolve to stand for the sudden filling up of the House, and it was very strange how the countenances of men in the Hall were all changed with joy in half an hour's time. We were told that the Parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them; and that the Mayor and Aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried, "God bless them!" and extraordinary good words. We went to the Star Tavern. In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King Street seven or eight, and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps, there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. In Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed, it was past imagination both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole line of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.

• *March 9th.*—To my Lord at his lodging; and I telling him I was willing, and ready to go with him to sea, he agreed that I should.

March 14th.—I saw General Monk, and methought he seemed a dull heavy man.

March 16th.—To Westminster Hall, where I heard how the Parliament had this day dissolved themselves, and did pass very cheerfully through the Hall, and the Speaker without his mace. The whole Hall was joyful thereat, as well as themselves, and now they begin to talk loud of the King. To-night I am told, that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Great Exchange, and wiped with a brush the inscription that was on King Charles, and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out, "God bless King Charles the Second!"

March 22nd.—To Westminster, and received my warrant to be Secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet. Strange how these people do now promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine, or a gun, and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up thereby.

March 23rd.—My Lord and I to the Tower, where the barges staid for us; to the Long Reach, where the *Swiftsure* lay at anchor. Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. We were late writing of orders for the getting of ships ready, &c., and also making of others to all the seaports between Hastings and Yarmouth, to stop all dangerous persons that are going or coming between Flanders and there. The cabin allotted to me was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord.

March 25th (Lord's Day).—About two o'clock in the morning, letters came from London by our coxon, so they waked me, but I bid him stay till morning, which he did, and then I rose and carried them to my Lord, who read them a-bed. There was also one for me from Mr. Blackburne, who with his own hand subscribes it to S. P., Esq., of which God knows I was not a little proud. Great concourse of commanders here this morning to take leave of my Lord

upon his going into the *Naseby*. My cabin little, but very convenient, with two windows and a good bed.

April 5th.—We set sail at noon, and come in the evening to Lee roads and anchored.

May 2nd.—Mr. Donne (from London), with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest Mayday that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them. The House, upon reading the letter, ordered 50,000*l.* to be forthwith provided to send to His Majesty for his present supply; and a committee chosen to return an answer of thanks to His Majesty for his gracious letter; and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But everybody seems to be very joyful in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do. And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening.

May 3rd.—This morning my Lord showed me the King's declaration and his letter to the two Generals, to be communicated to the fleet. The contents of the latter are his offer of a grace to all that will come in within forty days, only excepting them that the Parliament shall hereafter except. That the sales of lands during these troubles, and all other things, shall be left to the Parliament, by which he will stand. Upon the receipt of it this morning by an express, Mr. Phillips, one of the messengers of the Council from General Monk, my Lord summoned a council of war, and in the meantime did dictate to me how he would have the vote ordered which he would have pass this council. Which done, the commanders all came on board, and the council sat in

the coach, where I read the letter and declaration ; and while they were discoursing upon it, I seemed to draw up a vote, which, being offered, they passed. Not one man seemed to say No to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it. After this was done I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord and the Commanders, and there read both the papers and the vote ; which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, " God bless King Charles ! " with the greatest joy imaginable. After dinner, to the rest of the ships quite through the fleet, which was a very brave sight to visit all the ships, and to be received with the respect and honour that I was on board them all ; and much more to see the great joy that I brought to all men. In the evening, as I was going on board the Vice-Admiral, the General began to fire his guns, which he did all that he had in the ship, and so did all the rest of the Commanders, which was very gallant, and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boat. My Lord seemed to put great confidence in me, and would take my advice in many things. I perceive his being willing to do all the honour in the world to Monk, and to let him have all the honour of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick-sculled fool.

May 11th.—This morning we began to pull down all the State's arms in the fleet, having first sent to Dover for painters and others to come to set up the King's. After dinner we set sail from the Downs.

May 13th (Lord's Day).—To the quarter-deck, at which the tailors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth in the fashion of a crown and C.R., and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag instead of the State's arms, which after dinner was finished and set up.

May 24th.—In the morning The Hague was clearly to be seen by us. My Lord went up in his night-gown into the

cuddy, to see how to dispose thereof for himself and us that belong to him, to give order for our removal to-day. Some nasty Dutchmen came on board to proffer boats to carry things from us on shore, &c., to get money by us. Before noon some gentlemen came on board from the shore to kiss my Lord's hands. And by and by Mr. North and Dr. Clerke went to kiss the Queen of Bohemia's hand, from my Lord, with twelve attendants from on board to wait on them, among which I sent my boy, who, like myself, is eager to see any strange thing. After noon they came back again, after having kissed the Queen of Bohemia's hand, and were sent again by my Lord to do the same to the Prince of Orange. So I got the Captain to ask leave for me to go, which my Lord did give, and I, taking my boy and Judge Advocate with me, went in company with them. The weather bad ; we were sadly washed when we come near the shore, it being very hard to land there. Mr. Creed and I went in the forepart of a coach wherein were two very pretty ladies, very fashionable, and with black patches, who very merrily sang all the way, and that very well, and were very free to kiss two blades that were with them. The Hague is a most neat place. About ten at night the Prince comes home, and we found an easy admission. His attendance very inconsiderable as for a Prince ; but yet handsome, and his tutor a fine man, and himself a very pretty boy. This done, we went to a place we had taken to sup in, where a sallet and two or three bones of mutton provided for a matter of ten of us, which was very strange.

May 16th.—This afternoon Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money ; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it, as it lay in the portmanteau, before it was

taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

May 17th.—Before dinner to Scheveling, where we took coach, and so to The Hague, where I met Captain Whittington. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a marry mad parson, of the King's. And they two got the child and we (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princesse Royale's hands. The King seemed to be a very sober man.

May 23rd.—In the morning came infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord and others go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where I hear that His Majesty did, with a great deal of affection, kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Princesse Royale, came on board, where I, in their coming in, kissed their hands. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day, nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceedingly full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royale company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner, the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz., the Nazeby into Charles; the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us), the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Cheriton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Successe. That done, the Duke of York went on board the *London*, and the Duke of Gloucester, the *Swiftsure*, which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear

the stories that he told of his difficulties that he passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table in one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one, that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place, he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to go to France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fécamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other.

May 25th.—By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went; and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon he would go in

my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. At night I supped with the Captain, who told me what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the mark to be gilded, and a crown and C.R. to be made at the head of the coach table where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done, as is to be seen.

CORONACION DAY

April 23rd, [1661].—About four I rose and got to the Abbey. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. At last comes in the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a

most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich), and sword and wand before him, and the crowne, too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service ; and then in the Quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronacion, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crowne being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies. And three times the King-at-Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddalls flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the musique ; and indeed it was lost to everybody. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rayles and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth ; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies ; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade ; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables ; and that was also a brave sight ; and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing ; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's

table. But above all, was these three lords, Northumberland, and Suffolke, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up [Dymock] the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his speare and targett carried before him. And a Herald proclaims, " That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawfull King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him " ; and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which, when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the musique of all sorts, but above all the twenty-four violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall ; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years, which people did take great notice of ; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of these things. So I took my wife to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many gallants, men and women ; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolique ; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went with Mr. Thornbury and there with some

gallant sparks we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere. Now, after all this, I can say that besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and shewe, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

CHAPTER III

MR. PEPYS WRITES OF THE NAVY OFFICE AND THE DUTCH WAR.

[Under the Commonwealth, the Navy had been raised to a high pitch of efficiency, although some of the most notable commanders, such as Blake and Monk, had not been bred to the sea. There was as yet, however, little science of naval tactics, and the organization for administering naval affairs was imperfect. The command lay with the Lord High Admiral, in whose hands practically all power was vested. The civil business was carried on by the Navy Board. On the restoration of the Monarchy, James, Duke of York, was at once made Lord High Admiral, and it is to his credit that until he was forced to resign in 1673, because he was a Roman Catholic, he took his duties seriously and laboured hard to make the Navy efficient. The King, a far abler man, also felt considerable interest in naval affairs, but seldom bestirred himself. But during his reign naval organization was much improved, a work towards which Pepys contributed largely.]

Pepys was made a member of the Navy Board in July, being appointed Clerk of the Acts. It is characteristic of the times that until his Patent was actually complete he was not certain that he would really secure the post, and he used anxious efforts to hurry the Patent through. Even then he did not feel secure, for Mr. Barlow, who had held the office under Charles I, came to London to claim it again. Pepys agreed to pay him £100 per annum to drop his claim. The post entitled Pepys to a house at the Navy Office, in Seething Lane. The Clerk of the Acts acted as secretary

to the Board, kept a check on accounts and shared with the other members responsibility for what was done. Pepys stood tenaciously for his privileges. His colleagues were the Treasurer (Sir G. Carteret), the Comptroller (Sir J. Minnes), the Surveyor (Sir W. Batten), and a number of Commissioners (of whom Sir W. Pen, and Commissioner Pett, who had charge of Chatham Dockyard, were two). These officers were expected to supervise personally all but the most trivial operations, and the task being beyond their powers helped to cripple efficiency.

Pepys knew nothing of naval affairs or of accounts when he began duties. But he had great industry, a remarkable taste for acquiring detailed knowledge, and a keen desire to stand well with the Lord High Admiral and his secretary, Sir W. Coventry. He soon became recognized as a capable official, rose in favour with the Duke, and came to be regarded as the "right hand of the Navy." He had a very poor opinion of his colleagues, and probably they regarded him with dislike. Delay and mismanagement vexed him continually, as his Diary testifies.

Before long the Navy was called upon to face danger. The hostility between England and Holland, arising chiefly from commercial jealousy, led in 1665 to war. Already there were difficulties. People were not willing to lend money; the seamen were discontented, for the system had been begun of paying them by "tickets," which might not be cashed for a considerable period. Moreover some of the older, capable captains had been replaced by inexperienced Cavaliers owing their position to birth or influence; and between these and the old "tarpaulins" there was jealousy. The best commanders (Monk, Sandwich, Lawson, etc.) had all served under the Commonwealth. The Parliament voted large sums, but these were often diverted to other purposes. During 1665 the English did creditably, largely owing to the survival of the discipline of the earlier period. In June, after a fierce fight, the Dutch were defeated off Lowestoft, but

there were severe losses. The Duke of York now retired from active command, leaving the fleet to Lord Sandwich ; but the latter incurred much criticism by distributing to his officers part of the cargoes of captured East Indiamen, and was forced to retire. Already there were ominous signs of decay of discipline ; and these difficulties were increased by the Plague. It was with great difficulty that a fleet was fitted out in 1666. Monk was now in command, with Prince Rupert as a colleague. The Dutch also had made great efforts. On June 1st, a squadron under Rupert having been detached to seek the French, Monk with 57 ships encountered the Dutch in superior numbers, under de Ruyter, and Cornelius van Tromp, near Dunkirk, and at once attacked.

The battle raged furiously all the afternoon, Sir G. Berkeley being killed, and his ship, the *Swiftsure*, taken. Sir John Harman on the *Lion* was also surrounded, but though severely wounded refused to surrender, and fought his way through. The next morning the battle was renewed, and again on the third day, Monk now slowly retiring, still fighting. But now Rupert's squadron arrived, and the English again attacked. For almost the whole of the fourth day a most furious battle raged, and at the close the English fleet retired into the Thames, leaving the Dutch in possession of the sea. But the battle was really drawn, for the Dutch found it necessary to withdraw to refit. Pepys' account is vivid, and show the fluctuating rumours, but is not always to be taken as quite accurate. For instance, he never does justice to the bulldog courage and skill of the Duke of Albemarle. A most noteworthy incident is the account of the funeral of Sir Christopher Mings.

It is a bitter reflection, and a mark of the worthless Court, that save Sir W. Coventry and Pepys, none though it worth while to attend the funeral of this gallant officer.

Strenuous efforts were made to refit the fleet, and in July, a severe engagement forced the Dutch to fly to their harbours. Pepys makes this battle appear of little account,

yet it was a real victory, and the Dutch felt the defeat keenly. But England was weary of the war ; Charles was anxious not to be forced to appeal to Parliament for more supplies ; and it was decided next year not to fit out a great fleet, but to send out two small squadrons only. One, under the valiant Harman, did good work against the Dutch and French in the West Indies. But meanwhile England had to suffer such a humiliation as she had not experienced for centuries. The Dutch under de Ruyter, entered the Thames, took Sheerness, burst the boom across the Medway, captured the *Royal Charles*, and burnt several other ships. The whole story, with its record of confusion, neglect, and mismanagement, is told in the pages that follow. Pepys feared for a time that the popular rage might even result in the Navy officers being slain. However, no harm came to them, Commissioner Pett being made a scapegoat, and peace was signed at the end of July. But Parliament insisted on an enquiry and in the Diary we see how Pepys bore the whole burden of defence.]

June 29th, [1660].—I was told by Mr. Hutchinson at the Admiralty that Mr. Barlow, my predecessor, Clerk of the Acts, is yet alive, and coming up to town to look after his place, which made my heart sad a little. At night told my Lord thereof, and he bade me get possession of my Patent, and he would do all that could be done to keep him out.

July 2nd.—All the afternoon with my Lord : at seven at night he went home, and there the principal Officers of the Navy, among the rest myself was reckoned one.

July 9th.—To the Navy Office, where in the afternoon we met and sat, and there I begun to sign bills in the Office the first time.

July 12th.—Up early, and by coach to White Hall, with Commissioner Pett, where, after we had talked with my Lord, I went to the Privy Seal, and got my Bill perfected there, and at the Signet ; and then met with Mr. Kipps

who directed me to Mr. Beale to get my Patent engrossed but he, not having time to get it done in Chancery-hand, I was forced to run all up and down Chancery Lane and the Six Clerks' Office, but could find none that could write the hand that were at leisure.

July 13th.—Up early; to Mr. Spong, whom I found writing of my Patent. It being done we carried it to Worcester House to the Chancellor, where Mr. Kipps got me the Chancellor's recipe to my bill; and so carried it to Mr. Beale for a docket; but he was very angry, and unwilling to do it, because he said it was ill-writ (because I had got it writ by another hand, and not by him); but by much importunity, I got Mr. Spong to go to his office and make an end of my Patent; and in the meantime Mr. Beale to be preparing my docket, which being done, I did give him two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me. To my wife, whom I had left in a coach, and presented her with my Patent, at which she was overjoyed; so to the Navy Board, and showed her my house, and both mightily pleased.

July 17th.—There come to my house Mr. Barlow, an old consumptive man, and fair conditioned. After much talk, I did grant him what he asked, viz. : 50*l.* per annum if my salary be not increased, and 100*l.* per annum in case it be 350*l.*, at which he was very well pleased.

June 11th, [1661].—At the office this morning, Sir G. Carteret with us; and we agreed upon a letter to the Duke of York, to tell him the sad condition of this office for want of money; how men are not able to serve us more without some money; and that now the credit of the office is brought so low, that none will sell us anything without our personal security given for the same.

February 6th, [1662].—After dinner my barber trimmed me, and so to the office, where I do begin to be exact in my duty there and exacting my privileges.

June 25th.—Into Thames Street, and there 'enquire'

among the ships the price of tarre and oyle, and do find great content in it, and hope to save the King money by this practice.

July 30th.—To Woolwich, expecting to find Sir W. Batten there upon his survey, but he is not come, and so we got a dish of steaks at the White Hart, while his clerkes and others were feasting of it in the best room of the house, and after dinner playing at shuffle-board. God help the King ! What surveys shall be taken after this manner !

September 4th.—Sir William Compton I heard talk, with great pleasure, of the difference between the fleet now and in Queen Elizabeth's days ; where, in '88, she had but 36 sails, great and small, in the world ; and ten rounds of powder was their allowance at that time against the Spaniard.

September 24th.—I hear that I have the name of good-natured man among the poor people that come to the office.

December 31st.—Thus ends our year, with great mirth to me and my wife. Our home at the Navy Office finished and made very convenient. By my last year's diligence in my office, blessed be God ! I am come to a good degree of knowledge therein ; and am acknowledged so by all the world, even the Duke himself, to whom I have a good access ; and I doubt not but, by the continuance of the same endeavours, I shall in a little time come to be a man much taken notice of in the world, specially being come to so great an esteem with Mr. Coventry.

July 31st, [1663].—Met Dr. Pierce; he tells me, as a friend, the great injury that he thinks I do myself by being so severe in the Yards, and contracting the ill-will of the whole Navy for those offices, singly upon myself. Now I discharge a good conscience therein, and I tell him that no man can, nor do he say any say it, charge me with doing wrong ; but rather do as many good offices as any man. They think, he says, that I have a mind to get a good name with the King and Duke, who he tells me do not consider any such things but I

shall have as good thanks to let all alone, and do as the rest. But I believe the contrary.

September 10th.—All the morning making a great contract with Sir W. Warren, for 3000*l.* worth of masts ; but, good God ! to see what a man might do, were I a knave.

February 9th, [1664].—Great talk of the Dutch proclaiming themselves, in India, Lords of the Southern Seas, and denying traffick there to all ships but their own, upon pain of confiscation ; which makes our merchants mad.

October 31st.—All preparations against the Dutch^e, and the Duke of York fitting himself with all speed to go to the fleet which is hastening for him ; being now, resolved to go on the *Charles*.

February 9th, [1665].—Sir William Petty tells me, Mr. Barlow is dead ; for which, God knows my heart, I could be as sorry as is possible to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets 100*l.* per annum.

March 4th.—This day was proclaimed at the 'Change the war with Holland.

March 8th.—This morning is brought me to the office the sad news of the *London*, in which Sir J. Lawson's men were all bringing her from Chatham to the Hope, and thence he was to go to sea in her ; but a little on this side the buoy of the Nore, she suddenly blew up. About twenty-four men and a woman that were in the round house and coach saved ; the rest, being above 300, drowned.

March 27th.—Up betimes, and to the Duke of Albemarle, the first time that we officers of the Navy have waited upon him since the Duke of York's going, who hath deputed him to be Admiral in his absence ; and I find him a quiet heavy man, that will help business when he can, and hinder nothing. He did speak much of his esteem of me.

April 12th.—Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Brouncker and myself, down to my Lord Treasurer's chamber to him and the Chancellor, and the Duke of Albemarle ; and there I did give them a large account of the charge of the Navy,

and want of money. But strange to see how they hold up their hands, crying "What shall be do?" Says my Lord Treasurer, "Why, what means all this, Mr. Pepys? This is all true, you say; but what would you have me to do? I have given all I can for my life. Why will not people lend their money? Why will they not trust the King as well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that yielded so much heretofore?" And this was all we could get, and went away without other answer.

April 24th.—To the Cocke-pitt, and there walked an hour with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in this garden, where he expressed in great words his opinion of me; that I was the right hand of the Navy here, nobody but I taking care of anything therein: so that he should not know what could be done without me. At which I was, from him, not a little proud.

April 28th.—The King do now know me so well that he never sees me but he speaks to me about our Navy business.

May 10th.—To the Guard in Southwarke, there to get some soldiers, by the Duke's order, to keep pressmen on board our ships.

June 8th.—I to my Lord Treasurer's, where I met with the great news at last newly come, brought from the Duke of York, that we have totally routed the Dutch; that the Duke himself, the Prince, my Lord Sandwich, and Mr. Coventry are all well; which did put me into such joy that I forgot almost all other thoughts. With great joy to the Cocke-pitt, where the Duke of Albemarle, like a man out of himself with content, now told me all; and by and by comes a letter from Mr. Coventry's own hand to him, which he never opened, which was a strange thing, but did give it to me to open and read. I copied out the letter, and the sum of the news is

VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH, JUNE 3, 1665

This day they engaged : the Dutch neglecting greatly the opportunity of the wind they had of us, by which they lost the benefit of their fire ships. The Earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle killed on board the Duke's ship, the Royall Charles, with one shot : their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face ; and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke, as some say. Earl of Marlborough, Portland, Rear-Admiral Sansum, killed. Sir John Lawson wounded on the knee ; hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again. Admiral Opdam blown up, Trump killed ; all the rest of their admirals, as they say, but Everson, whom they dare not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange, are killed : we have taken and sunk, as is believed, about twenty-four of their best ships ; killed and taken near 8 or 10,000 men, and lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never known in the world. Had a great bonfire at the gate. I did give the boys 4s. among them, and mighty merry : so home to bed.

September 30th.—The great burden we have upon us at this time at the office, is the providing for prisoners and sick men that are recovered, they lying before our office doors all night and all day, poor wretches. Having been on shore, the captains won't receive them on board¹ and other ships we have not to put them on, nor money to pay them off, or provide for them. God remove this difficulty ! Was set upon by the poor wretches, whom I did give good words and some little money to, and the poor people went away like lambs, and, in good earnest, are not to be censured, if their necessities drive them to bad courses.

October 7th.—Did business, though not much, at the office, because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen, that lie starving in the streets for lack of money, which do trouble and perplex me to the heart ;

¹ Because of the Plague.

and more at noon, when we were to go through them, for then above a whole hundred of them followed us ; some cursing, some swearing, and some praying to us.

October 26th.—Sir Christopher Mings and I together by water to the Tower ; and I find him a very witty, well-spoken fellow, and mighty free to tell his parentage, being a shoemaker's son.

October 31st.—Want of money in the Navy puts everything out of order. Men grow mutinous ; and nobody here to mind the business of the Navy.

November 4th.—After dinner to the office, and much troubled to have 100 seamen all the afternoon there, swearing below, and cursing us, and breaking the glass windows, and swear they will pull the house down on Tuesday next. I sent word of this to Court, but nothing will help it but money and a rope.

June 2nd, [1666].—Up, and to the office, where certain news is brought us of a letter come to the King this morning from the Duke of Albemarle, dated yesterday at eleven o'clock, that they were in sight of the Dutch fleete, and were fitting themselves to fight them ; so that they are, ere this, certainly engaged : besides, several do averr that they heard the guns yesterday in the afternoon. This put us at the Board into a tosse. Presently come orders for our sending away to the fleete a recruit of 200 soldiers. So I rose from the table, and to the Victualling-office, and thence upon the river among several vessels to consider of the sending them away ; and, lastly, down to Greenwich, and there appointed two yachts to be ready for them ; and did order the soldiers to march to Blackewall. Having set all things in order against the next flood, I went on shore with Captain Erwin at Greenwich, and into the Parke, and there we could hear the guns from the fleete most plainly. We walked to the water-side, and there, seeing the King and Duke come down in their barge to Greenwich-house, I to them, and did give them an account what I was doing.

They went up to the Parke to hear the guns of the fleete going off. All our hopes now are, that Prince Rupert with his fleete is coming back, and will be with the fleete this even. Down to Blackewall and there saw the soldiers who were by this time gotten most of them drunk, shipped off. But Lord. to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted, and let off their guns, was strange sport. Having put the soldiers on board, I home.

June 3rd (Lord's Day; Whit-sunday).—Up, and by water to White Hall, and there met with Mr. Coventry, who tells me the only news of the fleet is brought by Captain Elliott, of the *Portland*. That he saw one of the Dutch great ships blown up, and three on fire. That they begun to fight on Friday; that he knows of no other hurt to our ships. With this good news, I home by water again, and to church in the sermon-time, and with great joy told it my fellows in the pew. To White Hall, and there meet with this bad news farther, that the Prince is come to Dover but at ten o'clock last night, and there heard nothing of a fight. I to Sir G. Carteret, who told me there hath been great bad management in all this; that the King's orders that went on Friday for calling back the Prince were sent but by the ordinary post on Wednesday. This is hard to answer, if it be true; and all talk highly of the failure of the Prince, in not making more haste after his instructions did come, and of our managements here in not giving it sooner, and with more care, and oftener.

June 4th.—To White Hall. Walking through the Park, we saw hundreds of people listening at the Gravel-pits, and so and again in the Park, to hear the guns. After waiting upon the Duke with Sir W. Pen, who was commanded to go to-night, by water, down to Harwich, to despatch away all the ships he can, I home; where no sooner come, but news is brought me of a couple of men come to speak to me from the fleete; so I down, and who

should it be but Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum. He is come last night, at five o'clock, from the fleete with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye. They were set on shore at Harwich this morning, and at two o'clock, in a catch, with about twenty more wounded men from the *Royall Charles*. They being able to ride, took post about three this morning, and were here between eleven and twelve. I went presently into the coach with them, and carried them to Somerset House-stairs, and there took water, all the world gazing upon us, and concluding it to be news from the fleete; so I into the Park to the King, and told him my Lord Generall was well the last night at five o'clock, and the Prince come with his fleete and joyned with his about seven. The King was mightily pleased with this news, and so took me by the hand and talked a little of it, I giving him the best account I could; and then he bid me to fetch the two seamen to him, he walking into the house. So I went and fetched the seamen into the Vane Room to him, and there he heard the whole account.

THE FIGHT

How we found the Dutch fleete at anchor on Friday, half-seas over, between Dunkirk and Ostend, and made them let slip their anchors. They about ninety, and we less than sixty. We fought them, and put them to the run, till they met with about sixteen sail of fresh ships, and so bore up again. The fight continued till night, and then again next morning, from five till seven at night. And so, too, yesterday morning they began again, and continued till about four o'clock, they chasing us for the most part of Saturday, and yesterday we flying from them.

The Duke himself by and by spied the Prince's fleete coming, upon which de Ruyter called a little council, being in chase at this time of us, and thereupon their fleete divided into two squadrons: forty in one, and about thirty in the other, the bigger to follow the Duke, the less to meet the Prince. But the Prince come up with the General's fleete, and the Dutch come together again, and bore towards their own coast, and we with them; and now what the consequence of this day will be, we know not.

June 6th.—Sir Philip Frowde did meet the Duke with an express to Sir W. Coventry, being the narration of Captain Hayward of the *Dunkkerke*; who gives a very serious account, how upon Monday the two fleetes fought all day, till seven at night, and then the whole fleete of Dutch did betake themselves to a very plain flight, and never looked back again. That Sir Christopher Mings is wounded in the leg. That it is conceived reasonably that of all the Dutch fleete, which, with what recruits they had, come to one hundred sail, there is not above fifty got home. We were also so overtaken with this good news, that the Duke ran with it to the King, who was gone to chapel, and there all the Court was in a hubbub, being rejoiced over head and ears in this good news. Before I got home, the bonfires were lighted all the town over. Idled away the whole night, till twelve at night, at the bonfire in the streets. The joy of the City was this night exceeding great.

June 7th.—Up betimes, and to my office about business, Sir W. Coventry having sent me word that he is gone down to the fleete to see how matters stand, and to be back again speedily; and with the same expectation of congratulating ourselves with the victory that I had yesterday. But my Lord Brouncker tells me the contrary news, which astonishes me: that is to say, that we are beaten, lost many ships and good commanders; have not taken one ship of the enemy's; and so can only report ourselves a

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victory ; nor is it certain that we were left masters of the field. But above all, that the Prince run on shore upon the Galloper, and there stuck ; was endeavoured to be fetched off by the Dutch, but could not, and so they burned her. This news do much trouble me, and the thoughts of the ill consequences of it, and the pride and presumption that brought us to it. At noon to the 'Change, and there find the discourse of town, and their countenances much changed ; but not yet very plain.

June 10th.—This evening we hear that Sir Christopher Mings is dead of his late wounds ; and Sir W. Coventry did commend him to me in a most extraordinary manner. But this day, after three days' trial of it in vain, and the hazard of the spoiling of the ship in lying till next spring, besides the disgrace of it, news is brought that the *Loyall London* is launched at Deptford.

June 13th.—Invited to Sir Christopher Mings' funeral, but find them gone to church. However, I got into the church, and there heard the service, and staid till they buried him, and then out ; and there met with Sir W. Coventry, who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he, and went with him into his coach ; and being met with him, there happened this extraordinary case—one of the most romantique that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it ; which was this : About a dozen able lusty, proper men come to the coach-side, with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest begun, and said to Sir W. Coventry, " We are here a dozen of us, that have long known, and loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives ; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fire-ship among us all, here are a dozen of us, out of all which, choose you one to be

commander ; and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him ; and, if possible, do that which shall show our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge." Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved, as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping, and took their names, and so parted. The truth is, Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts ; but dying at this time, his memory and name, his father being always, and at this day, a shoemaker, and his mother a hoyman's daughter ; of which he was used frequently to boast, will be quite forgot in a few months.

June 30th.—Mightily troubled all this morning with going to my Lord Mayor, a silly man, I think, about getting shipped some men that they have these last two nights pressed in the City out of the houses : the persons wholly unfit for sea, and many of them people of very good fashion, which is a shame to think of, and carried to Bridewell they are, yet without being impressed with money legally as they ought to be. But to see how the King's business is done ; I did of my own purse disburse 15*l.* to pay for their pressing and diet last night and this morning.

July 1st (Lord's Day).—To the Tower several times, about the business of the pressed men, and late at till twelve at night, shipping of them. But Lord ! how some poor women did cry ; and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here, in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of men that were brought, one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moone-light, that it grieved me to the heart to hear them. Besides, to see poor, patient, labouring men and housekeepers, leaving poor wives and families, taken up on a sudden by strangers, was very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny.

July 10th.—To the office; the yard being very full of women, I believe above three hundred, coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring, and swearing, and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it: but it went, and no hurt done.

July 29th (Lord's Day).—Before sermon was done at church, comes news by a letter to Sir W. Batten, to my hand, of the late fight, which I sent to his house, he at church. But Lord! with what impatience I staid till sermon was done, to know the issue of the fight, with a thousand hopes and fears and thoughts about the consequences of either. At last sermon is done, and he come home, and the bells immediately rung soon as the church was done. But coming to Sir W. Batten to know the news, his letter said nothing of it, but all the town is full of a victory. By and by, a letter from Sir W. Coventry tells me that we have the victory. Beat them into the Weelings; had taken two of their great ships; but, by the orders of the Generals, they are burned. This being, methought, but a poor result after the fighting of two so great fleets; the *Resolution* burned, but, as they say, most of her crew and commander saved. This is well, only we keep the sea, which denotes a victory, or at least that we are not beaten; but no great matters to brag of, God knows.

July 30th.—To Sir W. Coventry. I find him speak very slightly of the late victory. He spoke slightly of the Duke of Albemarle, saying, when de Ruyter come to give him a broadside—"Now," says he, chewing of tobacco the while, "will this fellow come and give me two broadsides, and then he shall run"; but it seems he held him to it two hours, till the Duke himself was forced to retreat, to refit, and was towed off, and de Ruyter stayed for him till he come

back to fight. One in the ship saying to the Duke, "Sir, methinks de Ruyter hath given us more than two broadsides": "Well," says the Duke, "but you shall find him run by and by"; and so he did, says Sir W. Coventry, but after the Duke himself had first been made to fall off.

October 7th (Lord's Day).—To White Hall, where met by Sir W. Batten and Lord Brouncker, to attend the King and Duke of York at the Cabinet; but nobody had determined what to speak of, but only in general to ask for money. So I was forced immediately to prepare in my mind a method of discoursing. And anon we were called into the Green Room, where the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, Duke of Albemarle, Sirs G. Carteret, W. Coventry, Morrice. Nobody beginning, I did, and made a current and, I thought, a good speech, laying open the ill state of the Navy: by the greatness of the debt; greatness of the work to do against next year; the time and materials it would take; and our incapacity, through a total want of money.

I had no sooner done, but Prince Rupert rose up and told the King, in a heat, that whatever the gentleman had said, he had brought home his fleet in as good a condition as ever any fleet was brought home. I did only answer that I was sorry for His Highness's offence, but that what I said was but the report we received from those entrusted in the fleet to inform us. He muttered and repeated what he had said; and so, after a long silence on all hands, nobody, not so much as the Duke of Albemarle, seconding the Prince, we withdrew. I was not a little troubled at this passage, and the more so when speaking with Jack Fenn about it, he told me that the Prince will be asking who this Pepys is, and find him to be a creature of my Lord Sandwich's, and therefore this was done only to disparage him. But I do not think that all this will redound to my hurt, because the truth of what I said will soon appear.

Thence, having been informed that after all this pains

the King hath found out how to supply us with but 5 or 6000*l.*, when 100,000*l.* were at this time but absolutely necessary. This is every day a greater and greater omen of ruine.

October 19th.—Nothing but distraction and confusion in the affairs of the Navy; which makes me wish with all my heart, that I were well and quietly settled, with what little I have got, at Brampton, where I might live peaceably, and study, and pray for the good of the King and my country.

October 20th.—Commissioner Middleton says that the fleete was in such a condition as to discipline, as if the Devil had commanded it, so much wickedness of all sorts. Enquiring how it come to pass that so many ships had miscarried this year, he tells me that he enquired; and the pilots do say that they dare not do nor go but as the captains will have them; and if they offer to do otherwise, the captains swear they will run them through. He says that he heard Captain Digby, my Lord of Bristoll's son, a young fellow that never was but one year, if that, in the fleete, say that he did hope he should not see a tarpawlin¹ have the command of a ship within the twelve months.

March 12th [1667].—This day a poor seaman, almost starved for want of food, lay in our yard a-dying. I sent him half-a-crown, and we ordered his ticket to be paid.

June 8th.—Up, and to the office, where all the news this morning is, that the Dutch are come with a fleete of eighty sail to Harwich, and that guns were heard at Bednall-greene, all yesterday even.

June 10th.—Up, and news brought us that the Dutch are come up as high as the Nore; and more pressing orders for fire-ships. So we all down to Deptford, and pitched upon ships and set men at work; but Lord! to see how backwardly things move at this pinch, notwithstanding that, by the enemy's being now come up as high as almost

¹ An experienced sailor.

the Hope, Sir J. Minnes, who was gone down to pay some ships there, hath sent up the money ; and so we are possessed of money to do what we will with. Yet partly ourselves, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money, won't believe us ; and it is an admirable thing to consider how much the King suffers, and how necessary it is in a State to keep the King's service always in a good posture and credit.

June 11th.—This morning Pett writes us word that Sheerenesse is lost last night, after two or three hours' dispute. The enemy hath possessed himself of that place ; which is very sad, and puts us into great fears of Chatham. To our business, hiring some fire-ships, and receiving every hour almost letters from Sir W. Coventry, calling for more fire-ships. At this business late, and then home ; where a great deal of serious talk with my wife about the sad state we are in, and especially from the beating up of drums this night for the train-bands upon pain of death to appear in arms to-morrow morning with bullet and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight.

June 12th.—Find that the Dutch had made no motion since their taking Sheerenesse ; and the Duke of Albemarle writes that all is safe as to the great ships against any assault, the boom and chaine being so fortified ; which put my heart into great joy. When I come to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, I find him abroad ; but his clerk do tell me that ill news is come to Court of the Dutch breaking the chaine at Chatham ; which struck me to the heart. Home, where all hearts do now ake ; for the news is true, that the Dutch have broke the chaine and burned our ships, and particularly "The Royal Charles," other particulars I know not. And, the truth is, I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone, that I do this night resolve to study with my father and wife, what to do with the little that I have in money by me.¹ So God help us !, and

¹ See Ch. XIV.

God knows what disorders we may fall into, and whether any violence on this office, or perhaps some severity on our persons, as being reckoned by the silly people, or perhaps may, by policy of State, be thought fit to be condemned by the King and Duke of York, and so put to trouble; though God knows! I have, in my own person, done my full duty, I am sure.

June 13th.—No sooner up but hear the sad news confirmed of the Royall Charles being taken by them, and now in fitting by them, and burning several others. The King and Duke of York have been below [London Bridge] since four o'clock in the morning, to command the sinking of ships at Barking Creeke and other places, to stop their coming up higher. The King and Duke of York up and down all the days here and there; some time on Tower Hill, where the City militia was; where the King did make a speech to them, that they should venture themselves no further than he would himself. I think, in any nation but ours, people that appear, for we are not indeed so, so faulty as we, would have their throats cut. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling and several others, to the office, and tell me that never were people so dejected as they are in the City all over at this day, and do talk most loudly, even treason; as that we are bought and sold—that we are betrayed by the Papists; they look upon us as lost, and remove their families and rich goods in the City. Late at night comes Mr. Hudson, the cooper, and tells me that he come from Chatham this evening at five o'clock, and saw this afternoon "The Royall James," "Oake," and "London," burnt by the enemy with their fire-ships; that the Dutch are fitting out "The Royal Charles." But we hear that the fleete in the Hope is not come up any higher.

June 14th.—Up, and to the office; and one that like a great many more come to me this morning, by and by comes Mr. Wilson, and a man of Mr. Gauden's, who are come from Chatham last night, and saw the three ships

burnt, they lying all dry, and boats going from the men-of-war to fire them. But that, that he tells me of worst consequence is, that he himself, I think he said, did hear many Englishmen on board the Dutch ships speaking to one another in English; and that they did cry and say, "We. did heretofore fight for tickets; now we fight for dollars!" And several seamen come this morning to me, to tell me that, if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch; but otherwise they would not venture being killed, and lose all they had already fought for; so that I was forced to try what I could do to get them paid. And indeed the hearts as well as affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publicly, "This comes of your not paying our husbands; and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not." Mr. Hater tells me at noon that some rude people have been, as he hears, at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows, and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate. At night come home Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, who can only tell me that they have placed guns at Woolwich and Deptford, and sunk some ships below Woolwich and Blackewall, and are in hopes that they will stop the enemy's coming up. But strange our confusion! that among them that are sunk they have gone and sunk without consideration "The Francklin," one of the King's ships, with stores to a very considerable value, that hath long been loaden for supply of the ships; and the new ship at Bristoll, and much wanted there; and nobody will own that they directed it.

June 18th.—To the office, and by and by word was brought me that Commissioner Pett is brought to the Tower.

June 21st.—This day comes news from Harwich, that

the Dutch fleete are all in sight, near 100 sail great and small, they think. Sir H. Cholmly come to me this day, and tells me the Court is as mad as ever; and that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and these were all mad in hunting of a poor moth.

June 30th (Lord's Day).—Up by three o'clock, and Creed and I got ourselves ready, and took coach at our gate, and got to Rochester about ten; and down by boat to Chafham-yard. Thence to see the batteries made. I was glad to see so many fortifications as I have of late seen, and so up to the top of the hill, there to look, and could see towards Sheerness, to spy the Dutch fleete, but could make out none but one vessel, they being all gone. Thence back to the docke, and by barge to the chaine; and on our way did see the sad wrackes of the poor "Royall Oake," "James," and "London." So up to the chaine, and there saw it fast at the end on Upnor side of the river; and where it is broke nobody can tell me. I went on shore on Upnor side to look upon the end of the chaine; and caused the link to be measured, and it was six inches and one-fourth in circumference. It seems very remarkable to me, and of great honour to the Dutch, that they killed none of our people nor plundered their houses; but did take some things of easy carriage, and left the rest, and not a house burned.

July 12th.—It is strange how everybody do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time.

August 22nd.—This evening Mr. Pelling come to me,

and tells me that the Dutch letters are come, and that the peace was proclaimed there the 19th inst.

October 20th.—I am glad to hear that in the world I am as kindly spoken of as anybody ; for, for aught I see, there is bloody work likely to be. Sir W. Coventry having been forced to produce a letter in Parliament wherein the Duke of Albemarle did from Sheerness write in what good posture all things were at Chatham, and that they were so well placed that he feared no attempt of the enemy ; so that, among other things, I do see everybody is upon his own defence, and spares not to blame another to defend himself, and the same course I shall take. But God knows where it will end !

October 22nd.—Slept but ill all the last part of the night, for fear of this day's success in Parliament ; therefore up, and all of us all the morning close, till almost two o'clock, collecting all we had to say and had done from the beginning, touching the safety of the River Medway and Chatham. And having done this, and put it into order, we away, I not having time to eat my dinner. We came to the Parliament-door, and there after a little waiting till the Committee was sat, we were, the House being very full, called in : Sir W. Pen went in and sat as a Member ; and my Lord Brouncker was called in, but without any more chair or respect paid him than myself ; and so Brouncker, and T. Hater, and I were there to answer : and I had a chair brought me to lean my books upon : and so did give them such an account, in a series of the whole business that had passed the Office touching the matter, and so answered all the questions given me about it, that I did not perceive but they were fully satisfied with me and the business as to our office. None of my brethren said anything but me there ; at last the House dismissed us, and shortly after did adjourn the debate till Friday next ; and my cousin Pepys did come out and joy me in my acquitting myself so well, and so did several others, and my fellow

officers all very brisk to see themselves so well acquitted.

March 1st. [1668] (*Lord's Day*).—Up betimes and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's; and there did run over our whole defence in the business of tickets, in order to the answering the House on Thursday next; and I do think, unless they be set without reason to ruin us, we shall make a good defence. I find him in great anxiety in the business of the proceedings of Parliament.

March 3rd.—Up betimes to work again, and then met at the Office, where to our great business of this answer to the Parliament; only to my great vexation I find my Lord Brouncker prepared only to excuse himself, while I, that have least reason to trouble myself, am preparing with great pains to defend them all.

March 4th.—Vexed and sickish to bed, and there slept about three hours, and then waked, and never in so much trouble in all my life of mind, thinking of the task I have upon me.

March 5th.—With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me. So with great trouble, I up and to the Office, and by nine o'clock was ready, and did go down to the Old Swan, and there by boat to Westminster, where I found my brethren all ready. So we all up to the lobby; and between eleven and twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that

time till past three in the afternoon ; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker ; but we withdrew. And there all my Fellow-Officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard ; and my Fellow-Officers were overjoyed in it ; and we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favour ; but my speech being so long, many had gone out to dinner and come in again half-drunk ; so they have put it off to to-morrow come se'nnight. However, it is plain we have got great ground ; and everybody says I have got the most honour that any could have had opportunity of getting.

March 6th.—Up betimes, and to Sir W. Coventry's chamber ; where the first word he said to me was, "Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house," and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. After several talks with him alone, he carried me to White Hall, and there parted ; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him ; and as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And by and by overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York came to me both ; and he¹ said, "Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday." Everybody that saw me almost came to me with such eulogies as cannot be expressed ; for which the Lord God make me thankful ! and that I may make use of it not to pride and vain-glory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it !

¹ The King.

CHAPTER IV

MR. PEPYS AT HOME

[Pepys' Diary gives us an imperishable picture of a seventeenth-century City home. The City of London was then still a residential quarter. Merchants and traders still lived over their shops ; and Pepys' house was situated in the same block of buildings as the Navy Office. It was his delight to beautify and adorn his home. Several times he records building and altering, being at times much troubled by the laziness of his workmen. So also he was often vexed with his servants, and probably he was an exacting master. At any rate we find him "basting" his girl and soundly whipping his boy, and kicking his maid because of her neglect to fasten the doors, being "cut to the heart" on this occasion, not with regret at his action, but because he had been seen. Yet there is nothing to indicate this harsh for the times. He certainly had no difficulty in securing maids. It is interesting to note the wages paid—£4 per annum he considers a big sum. And though he speaks at times of his loving, quiet family, there was much bickering with his wife. If one may judge from the Diary, she was faithful and loving, but hasty, jealous, and not at all methodical ; and she vexed her husband by her untidiness, her bad spelling, and, at times, her dress. The candid diarist exhibits himself swearing at her "white locks," and masterfully determined to have his will. So too he writes on one occasion that he called her a beggar, and she retorted that he was a pricklouse, "whereat I was vexed." In times of sore provocation, he even pulled her nose ! Like Mr. Bagnet, he believed that "discipline must be maintained." Yet they loved each other, and when she burst forth into bitter reproaches at

his attentions to other women, he bore the storm meekly, recognizing that her anger was not without cause.

In the pages that follow, we see how he entertained his friends. His dinners were truly gigantic, but there is very little reference to other meals, which apparently were slight. He loved to feast his friends, and display his plate. People kept very early hours, the diarist frequently recording that he was up and at work at four o'clock. Christmas appears to have been but slightly observed, but Twelfth-Night and St. Valentine's Day, now almost forgotten, were duly honoured. This section illustrates also how frequently "marriages of convenience" were arranged in that century. Roger Pepys was quite willing to marry "an ugly old maid" provided she had not less than £2,000; and Samuel himself went to much trouble to arrange a match for his sister Paulina (Pall), who "grows old and ugly," he writes, though she was not thirty years old; and finally he dowered her on her marriage with £600, which was a very generous action. For the rest, we see him delighting in his music, buying books, setting up "a spitting-sheet," and in a host of ways manifesting his ceaseless activity and his love of control.]

January 1st [1660] (Lord's Day).—This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them.

January 26th.—Home from my office to my Lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner, viz., a dish of marrow-bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese. My company was my father, my uncle Fenner, his two sons, Mr. Pierce, and all their wives, and my brother Tom.

July 10th.—This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my

wife, and took her to Clodin's to a great wedding, with very great state, cost, and noble company. But among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest.

August 30th.—This the first day that ever I saw my wife wear black patches since we were married.

September 12th.—Looking after my workmen, whose laziness do much trouble me.

November 21st.—At night to my viallin (the first time that I have played on it since I come to this house), in my dining-roome, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours come forth into the yard to hear me.

December 1st.—This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed; but before I went out, I left her appeased.

February 28th [1662].—The boy failing to call us up as I commanded, I was angry, and resolved to whip him for that and many other faults. I and Will get me a rod, and he and I called the boy up to one of the upper rooms, and there I reckoned all his faults, and whipped him soundly, but the rods was so small that I fear they did not much hurt to him, but only to my arm, which I am already, within a quarter of an houre, not able to stir almost.

March 24th.—Comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of peruques of hair as the fashion now is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them.

February 26th.—Up early. This being, by God's great blessing, the fourth solemne day of my cutting for the stone this day four years, and am, by God's mercy, in very good health, and like to do well; the Lord's name be praised for it! At noon come my good guest, Madam Turner, The., and cozen Norton, and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin, of the King's Life Guards, by the same token he told us of one of his fellows killed this morning in a duel.

I had a pretty dinner for them, viz. : a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowle of salmon, hot, for the first course ; a tanzy¹ and two neats' tongues, and cheese the second. Merry all the afternoon, talking and singing, and piping on the flageolet. We had a man-cook, to dress dinner to-day.

May 31st.—Had Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other troubles, that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder ; and I did also in a sudden fit cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice stone do my whole face as I now do my chin, which I find a very easy way, and gentle.

July 6th (Lord's Day).—Settled my accounts with my wife for housekeeping, and do see that my kitchen, besides wine, fire, candle, sope, and many other things, comes to about 30s. a week or a little over.

November 2nd (Lord's day).—Talking with my wife, in whom I never had greater content, blessed be God ! than now—she continuing with the same care and thrift and innocence, as long as I keep her from occasions of being otherwise, as ever she was in her life, and keeps the house well.

November 21st.—To bed this night, having first put up a spitting-sheet, which I find very convenient.

December 23rd.—To make up my accounts, and find that my ordinary housekeeping comes to 7*l.* a month which is a great deal.

January 6th [1663].—Home, and found all well, only myself somewhat vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarfe, waistcoate and night-dressings in the coach to-day, that brought us from Westminster ; though I confess she did give them to me to look after. It might be as good as 25*s.* loss.

January 13th.—My poor wife rose by five o'clock in

¹A kind of sweet dish made of eggs, cream, etc., flavoured with the juice of the tansy.

the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowles and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also by six o'clock, and my own jacke, of which I was doubtful, do carry it very well, things being put in order, and the cook come. By and by comes Dr. Clerke and his lady, his sister, and a she-cozen, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits and lamb, and a rare chine of beef.* Next, a great dish of roasted fowle, cost me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire, also. At supper, had a good sack-posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management. I believe this day's feast will cost me near 5*l*.

January 31st.—In the evening, examining my wife's letter intended to my Lady, and another to Mademoiselle, they were so false spelt, that I was ashamed of them.

March 1st.—All to bed without prayers, it being washing day to-morrow.

March 26th.—This morning come a new cooke-maid at 4*l*. per annum, the first time I ever did give so much.

October 31st.—To my great sorrow find myself 43*l*. worse than I was the last month, which was then 76*0l*. and now it is but 717*l*. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife: viz., for her about 12*l*., and for myself 55*l*., or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloake, two new cloth shirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two periwiggs, one whereof costs

me 3*l*. and the other 40*s*. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing. I have laid out in clothes for myself and wife, and for her closet, and other things without, these two months, this, and the last, besides household expenses of victualls, &c., above 110*l*. But I hope I shall with more comfort labour to get more, and with better successe than when, for want of clothes, I was forced to sneak like a beggar.

November 3rd.—Home, and by and by comes Chapman the periwig-maker, and there he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it ; but, it being over and my periwig on, I paid him 3*l*. for it ; and away went he, with my own haire. to make up another of ; and I, by and by, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they conclude it do become me ; though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting of my own haire, and so was Besse.

December 6th (Lord's day).—My wife and I all the afternoon at arithmetique, and she is come to do Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplication, very well.

January 6th [1664].—This morning I begun a practice which I find, by the ease I do it with, that I shall continue, it saving me money and time ; that is, to trimme myself with a razer : which pleases me mightily.

January 30th.—This day kept solemnly for the King's murder. In the evening signed and sealed my last will and testament which is to my mind, and I hope to the liking of God Almighty.

February 21st (Lord's day).—My wife called up the people to washing by four o'clock in the morning ; and our little girl Susan is a most admirable slut, and pleases us mightily, doing more service than both the others, and deserves wages better.

December 31st.—Soon as ever the clock struck one, I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new year. So ends the old year, I bless God, with

great joy to me, not only with my having made so good a year of profit, as having spent 420*l.* and laid up 540*l.* and upwards ; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great loss to know, whether it be my hare's foote, or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. My family is my wife, in good health, and happy with her ; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiet maid ; her chamber-maid Besse, her cook-maid Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy, which I have had about half a year, Tom Edwards ; and as pretty and loving quiet a family I have as any man in England.

March 6th [1665].—I saw Besse go away, she having, of all wenches that ever lived with us, received the greatest love and kindness, and good clothes besides wages, and gone away with the greatest ingratitude.

February 10th [1666].—To supper and to bed, being now-a-days, for these four or five months, mightily troubled with my snoring in my sleep, and know not how to remedy it.

March 10th.—I find at home Mrs. Pierce and Knipp come to dine with me. We were mighty merry, and after dinner I carried them and my wife out by coach to the New Exchange, and there I did give my Valentine, Mrs. Pierce, a dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings, and Knipp for company though my wife had, by my consent, laid out 20*s.* on her the other day, six pair of gloves. The truth is, I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it, and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, and then it is too late for them to enjoy it.

April 4th.—Home, and, being washing-day, dined upon 2old meat.

May 4th.—Home to dinner, and had a great fray with my wife, about Browne's coming to teach her to paint, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield to. Very angry we were, and I resolved all into my having my will done, without disputing, be the reason what it will ; and so I will have it. This evening, being weary of my late idle courses, I bound myself to very strict rules till Whitsuntide next.

May 5th.—It being a very fine moonshine, my wife and Mercer come into the garden, and, my business being done, we sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbours, by their casements opening.

June 30th.—Late to bed ; and, while I was undressing myself, our new ugly maid, Luce, had like to have broke her neck in the dark, going down our upper stairs ; but, which I was glad of, the poor girl did only bruise her head, but at first did lie on the ground groaning, and drawing her breath, like one a-dying.

August 7th.—Comes Mr. Reeves, with a twelve-foote glasse. Up to the top of the house, and there we endeavoured to see the moon, and Saturn and Jupiter, but the heavens proved cloudy, and so we lost our labour.

August 8th.—To Bow, to my Lady Pooly's, where my wife was with Mr. Batelier and his sisters ; and there I found a noble supper. About ten o'clock we rose from table, and sang a song ; and so home in two coaches, and after being examined at Aldgate whether we were husbands and wives, home. I find Reeves there, it being a mighty fine bright night, and so upon my leads, though very sleepy, till one in the morning, looking on the moon and Jupiter with his twelve-foot glass, and another of six-foot, that he hath brought with him to-night, and the sights mighty pleasant, and one of the glasses I will buy. So to bed mighty sleepy, but with much pleasure, Reeves lying at my house ; and mighty proud I am, and ought to be thankful to God Almighty that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends.

September 17th.—Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth¹; but Lord! how ugly I was yesterday, and how fine to-day.

December 25th (Christmas Day).—Lay pretty long in bed, and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning, seeing her maids make mince-pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribs of beef roasted, and mince-pies; only my wife, brother, and Barker, and plenty of good wine of my own, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day.

January 4th [1667].—Comes our company to dinner; my Lord Brouncker, Sir W. Pen, his lady, and Pegg,² and her servant,³ Mr. Lowther. I had good room for ten, and no more would my table have held well. I did make them all gaze to see themselves so nobly served in plate, and a neat dinner, indeed, though but of seven dishes. At night to sup, and then to cards; and last of all to have a flaggon of ale and apples, drunk out of a wood cup, as a Christmas draught, which made all merry.

March 1st.—To the Office, and then before dinner making my wife to sing. Poor wretch; her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again, but will endeavour to make her understand sounds, and do her good that way; for she hath a great mind to learn, only to please me.

April 8th.—Away to the Temple, to my new book-sellers; and there I did agree for Rycaut's late History of the Turkish Policy, which cost me 55s.; whereas it was sold plain before the late Fire for 8s., and bound and coloured as this is, for 20s.; for I have bought it finely bound and truly coloured, all the figures, of which there was but six

¹ Due to the disturbance caused by the Fire.

² Sir W. Pen's daughter. ³ Future husband.

books done so, whereof the King and Duke of York, and Duke of Monmouth and Lord Arlington, had four. The fifth was sold, and I have bought the sixth. Home, and there find all things in readiness for a good dinner. By and by come my guests, and very good and pleasant company, and a most neat and excellent, but dear, dinner ; but Lord ! to see with what way they looked upon all my fine plate was pleasant ; for I made the best show I could, to let them understand me and my condition, to take down the pride of Mrs. Clerke, who thinks herself very great.

April 12th.—Coming home, saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cook-maid, which so vexed me, that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her, and was seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be telling their family of it.

May 11th.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home.

July 29th.—Cousin Roger did acquaint me in private with a offer made of his marrying Mrs.¹ Elizabeth Wiles, whom I know ; an ugly old maid, but good housewife, and is said to have 2500*l.* to her portion ; but if I can find that she hath but 2000*l.* which he prays me to examine, he says he will have her, she being one he hath long known intimately, and a good housewife and discreet woman ; though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all ; and it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses

¹ Unmarried ladies, as well as married, were then addressed as *Mrs.*

that ever I knew, never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys.¹

October 10th.—Up, to walk up and down in the garden with my father, to talk of all our concernments: about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly; then for my brother; and resolve that he shall stay here this winter, till I get him some Church promotion, or send him to sea as a chaplain, where he may study, and earn his living.

January 6th [1668].—Up, leaving my wife to get herself ready, and the maids to get a supper ready against night for our company; and to White Hall, and there met with Mr. Pierce, by whom I find, as I was afraid from the folly of my wife, that he understood that he and his wife was to dine at my house to-day, whereas it was to sup; and therefore I did go home to dinner, and there find Mr. Harris,² by the like mistake, come to dine with me. However, we did get a pretty dinner ready for him; and there he and I to discourse of many things. I was mightily pleased with his company; and after dinner, did take coach with him, and my wife and girl, to go to a play, to carry him thence to his own house.³ Away to the Duke of York's house, in the pit, and so left my wife; and to Mrs. Pierce, and took her and her cozen Corbett, Knipp, and little James, and brought them to the Duke's house; and the house being full, was forced to carry them to a box, which did cost me 20s., besides oranges, which troubled me, though their company did please me. Thence, after the play, stayed till Harris was undressed, there being acted "The Tempest," and so he withal, all by coach, home, where we find my house with good fires and candles ready, and our Office the like, and the two Mercers, and Betty Turner, Pembleton, and W. Batelier. And so with much pleasure we into the house, and there fell to dancing, having

¹ Samuel Pepys' wife was accounted a beauty. ² An actor. ³ Theatre.

extraordinary musick, two violllins, and a bass viollin, and theorbo, four hands, the Duke of Buckingham's musick, the best in town, and then we set to dancing. By and by to my house, to a very good supper, and mighty merry, and good musick playing; and after supper to dancing and singing till about twelve at night; and then we had a good sack posset for them, and an excellent cake, cost me near 20s., of our Jane's making, which was cut into twenty pieces, there being by this time so many of our company, by the coming in of some of our neighbours, hearing of our dancing. And so to dancing again, and singing, with extraordinary great pleasure, till about two in the morning, and then broke up. They being gone, I paid the fiddlers 3*l.* among the four, and so away to bed.

January 10th [1668].—To my bookseller's, and there bespoke an excellent book, which I met with there, of China. The truth is, I have bought a great many books lately to a great value; but I think to buy no more till Christmas next.¹

June 17th.—Somewhat out of humour all day, reflecting on my wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour got by this liberty of being from me; which she is never to be trusted with; for she is a fool.

June 18th.—At noon home to dinner, where my wife still in a melancholy, fusty humour, and crying, and do not tell me plainly what it is; but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays, and carrying people abroad every day, in her absence.

January 31st [1669] (*Lord's day*).—After dinner to get my wife and boy, one after another, to read to me; and so spent the afternoon and evening, and so after supper, to bed. And thus ends this month, with many different days of sadness and mirth, from differences between me and my wife; but this night we are at present very kind; and so ends this month.

¹ He was not able to keep this resolution, breaking it within a fortnight.

CHAPTER V

MR. PEPYS AT CHURCH

[In his earlier years Pepys had been a Puritan ; indeed, on the day of the execution of Charles I, he remarked to a friend that if he had to preach that day, his text should be "The memory of the wicked shall rot." In those days doubtless he was a zealous attendant at church ; and though before the Diary had been long in progress he had become a fervent Royalist, he still retained his habits of attendance at church. At times he slept, but usually adds, "God forgive me !" He appreciated a good sermon, and sometimes took down in shorthand the main points of an address that pleased him. He usually attended St. Olave's Church, where a pew was reserved for the dignitaries of the Navy Board ; but at times he went elsewhere, and occasionally we find him walking from church to church, listening for a few minutes in each. Nor was either the church or the service sufficient to prevent him gazing on the pretty women of the congregation, or even endeavouring to take them by the hand. Among the special points of interest revealed in the extracts quoted in this section the following may be mentioned : The gradual introduction, after the Restoration, of the old forms of worship ; the expulsion, in August, 1662, of those clergy who refused to comply with the Act of Uniformity ; the fact that many clergy, like Mr. Mills, fled from the City during the Plague ; the fearless words of a bishop who hesitated not to rebuke the vices of the Court, and whose words were greeted with laughter by the courtiers ; the habit of men wearing their hats in church ; and the singing of a psalm lasting an hour while the sexton gathered his salary from the congregation. The little story about the service at Impington is truly delightful.

In 1668, Pepys was startled by his wife, who informed

him that she was a Roman Catholic, and it was with much relief that he found she was still willing to attend his church. When in later years, he himself was accused of leanings towards "Popery," one of the charges urged was that his wife had been a Roman Catholic ; and he then procured a letter, written by her brother, to assert that this was false.]

January 8th [1660] (*Lord's day*).—In the morning went to Mr. Gunning's, where a good sermon, wherein he showed the life of Christ, and told as good authority for us to believe that Christ did follow his father's trade, and was a carpenter till thirty years of age.

July 8th (*Lord's day*).—To White Hall Chapel. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs, and singing-men in surplices in my life.

September 23rd (*Lord's day*).—To the Abbey where I expected to hear Mr. Baxter or Mr. Rowe preach their farewell sermon, and I heard Mr. Rowe. Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint His word on the thumbs of our right hands and on the right great toes of our right feet. In the midst of the sermon, some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey, that made me and all the rest in our pew afraid, and I wished myself out.

November 4th (*Lord's day*).—In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying "Glory be to the Father," &c., after he had read the two psalms ; but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer.

November 11th (*Lord's day*).—To church in our new gallery the first time it was used. There being no woman this day, we sat in the foremost pew, and behind our servants, and I hope it will not always be so, it not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal to us

December 25th (*Christmas day*).—

church, where Mr. Mills made a very good sermon. Home to dinner, where my brother Tom, to a good shoulder of mutton and a chicken. After dinner to church again, my wife and I, where we had a dull sermon of a stranger, which made me sleep.

January 6th [1661] (*Lord's day*).—My wife and I to church this morning. To church again, where, before sermon, a long Psalm was set that lasted an houre, while the sexton gathered his year's contribucion through the whole church.

February 17th (*Lord's day*).—A most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon, by an Irish doctor.

August 4th (*Lord's day*).¹—To church and had a good plain sermon. At our coming in, the country people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins, "Right Worshipfull and dearly beloved," to us. To church again, and after supper to talk about publique matters.

November 17th (*Lord's day*).—To our own church, and at noon by invitation, Sir W. Pen dined with me. To church, and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of church musique, and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church. To church [again], but slept part of the sermon.

March 7th [1662].—Early to White Hall, to the chapel, where I heard Dr. Creeton, the great Scotchman, and chaplain in ordinary to the King, preach before the King and Duke and Duchess, upon the words of Micah: "Roule yourselfe in dust." He made a most learned sermon upon the words; but in his application the most comical man that ever I heard in my life. Just such a man as Hugh Peters; saying that it had been better for the poor Cavalier never to have come with the King into England again; for he that hath the impudence to deny obedience to the lawful magistrate, and to swear to the oath of allegiance,

¹ Pepys was staying at Impington in Cambridgeshire

&c., was better treated now-a-days in Newgate, than a poor Royalist, that hath suffered all his life for the King, is at Whitehall among his friends.

April 13th (Lord's day).—In the morning to Paul's, where I heard a pretty good sermon ; and thence to dinner with my Lady ; and after I went to the Temple Church, and there heard another ; by the same tokens, a boy being asleep, fell down a high seat to the ground, ready to break his neck, but got no hurt.

August 17th (Lord's day).—This being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach, unless they read the new Common Prayer, and renounce the Covenant, I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates' farewell sermon ; and walked to St. Dunstan's, where it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not open ; and so I walked an hour in Temple-garden, reading my vows, which it is a great content to me to see how I am a changed man in all respects for the better since I took them, which the God of Heaven continue to me, and make me thankful for. At eight o'clock I went, and crowded in at a back door among others, the church being half-full almost before any doors were open publicly, which is the first time I have done so these many years ; and so got into the gallery beside the pulpit, and heard very well. His text was, " Now the God of Peace —," the last Hebrews and the 20th verse ; he making a very good sermon, and very little reflection in it to anything of the times. I was very well pleased with the sight of a fine lady that I have often seen in Gray's Inn Walks. To Madam Turner's, and dined with her. She had heard Parson Herring take his leave ; though he, by reading so much of the Common Prayer as he did, hath cast himself out of the good opinion of both sides. After dinner, to St. Dunstan's again ; and the church quite crowded before I come, which was just one o'clock ; but I got into the gallery again, but stood in a crowd. Dr. Bates pursued his text again very well ; and only at the conclusion told us, after

this manner : " I do believe that many of you do expect that I should say something to you in reference to the time, this being the last time that possibly I may appear here. You know it is not my manner to speak anything in the pulpit that is extraneous to my text and business ; yet this I shall say, that it is not my opinion, fashion, or humour, that keeps me from complying with what is required of us ; but something, after much prayer, discourse, and study, yet remains unsatisfied, and commands me herein. Wherefore, if it is my unhappiness not to receive such an illumination as should direct me to do otherwise, I know no reason why men should not pardon me in this world, as I am confident that God will pardon me for it in the next." And so he concluded. Parson Herring read a psalm and chapters before sermon ; and one was the chapter in the Acts, where the story of Ananias and Sapphira is. And after he had done, says he, " This is just the case of England at present. God he bids us to preach, and men bid us not to preach ; and if we do, we are to be imprisoned and further punished. All that I can say to it is, that I beg your prayers and the prayers of all good Christians, for us." This was all the exposition he made of the chapter in these very words, and no more. I hear that most of the Presbyters took their leave to-day, and that the City is much dissatisfied with it. I pray God keep peace among us, and make the Bishops careful of bringing in new in their rooms, or else all will fly a-pieces ; for bad ones will not go down with the City.

December 25th (Christmas day).—Had a pleasant walk to White Hall. By and by down to the chapel, where Bishop Morley preached upon the song of the Angels, " Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and goodwill towards men." Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and reprehending the common jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on those days, he particularized concerning their excess in playes and gaming.

Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses.

November 8th [1663] (*Lord's day*).—To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing.

April 23rd [1665] (*Lord's day*).—I carried my wife and her woman to White Hall chapel, and heard the famous young Stillingfleet, whom I knew at Cambridge, and he is now newly admitted one of the King's chaplains. He did make a most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned, and easy yet substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life.

January 30th [1666].—Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the King's murder ; and they being at church, I presently into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frightened me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards, where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.

February 4th (*Lord's day*).—My wife and I the first time together at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon ; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till all are come home ; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon.

August 18th [1667].—I walked towards White Hall, but being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place ; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour

to take by the hand ; but she would not, but got further and further from me ; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me ; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also.

November 29th [1668] (*Lord's day*).—My wife lately frightened me about her being a Catholique ; and I dare not therefore move her to go to church, for fear she should deny me ; but this morning of her own accord, she spoke of going to church the next Sunday, which pleases me mightily.

December 6th (*Lord's day*).—Up, and with my wife to church ; which pleases me mightily, I being full of fear she would never go to church again, after she had declared to me she was a Roman Catholick. But though I do verily think she fears God, and is truly and sincerely righteous, yet I do see she is not so strict a Catholick as not to go to church with me, which pleases me mightily.

CHAPTER VI

MR. PEPYS TRACES THE COURSE OF THE PLAGUE

[In 1348-9, a fearful outbreak of the Plague, known then as the Black Death, swept away probably half of the people of England; and for more than three centuries the terror of this dread visitant of mediæval cities was always present. London suffered from the scourge more than once; there were severe attacks in 1603 and in 1625; but no outbreak left to succeeding ages so marked an impression as that of 1665, probably because of the accounts of Pepys, Evelyn and Defoe. In the following pages the appearance and course of the pestilence are traced with a vividness that requires little comment. The Court fled from the City in June, and many of the doctors and clergy followed. With the Court went practically all the prominent statesmen and officials, save the sturdy old Duke of Albemarle, who with the dogged courage that marked all his actions, remained at his post. Lord Craven also remained in town, and the Archbishop stayed at Lambeth; and these three organized relief on a great scale for the stricken City, for practically all industry ceased. In August the Navy Office was removed to Greenwich, Pepys having previously sent his wife to Woolwich. The state of London when Pepys left it is further illustrated in a letter to Lady Carteret,¹ dated September 4th, 1665: "The absence of the Court and emptiness of the City takes away all occasion of news, save only such melancholy stories as would rather sadden than find your Ladyship

¹ This letter will be found in the selection from the *Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, in the 4th volume of the *Diary*, edited by Lord Braybrooke (Bell's edition).

any divertisement in the hearing ; I having stayed in the City till above 7,400 died in one week, and of them above 6,000 of the plague, and little more heard day or night but the tolling of bells ; till I could walk Lumber Street, and not meet twenty persons from one end to the other, and not 50 upon the Exchange ; till whole families, 10 and 12 together, have been swept away ; till my very physician, Dr. Burnet, who undertook to secure me against every infection, having survived the month of his own house being shut up, died himself of the plague : till the nights, though much lengthened, are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, people being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for that service ; lastly, till I could find neither meat nor drink safe, the butcheries being everywhere visited, my brewer's house being shut up, and my baker, with his whole family, dead of the plague."

The reader will find it interesting, after reading Pepys' account, to peruse Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*. But Defoe wrote from tradition and record, while Pepys was an eye-witness.]

April 30th [1665].—Great fears of the sicknesse here in the City, it being said that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve us all !

May 24th.—To the Coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this town ; and of remedies against it : some saying one thing, and some another.

June 7th.—The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and " Lord, have mercy upon us ! " writ there ; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some

roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension. By water home, where, weary with walking and with the mighty heat of the weather, I stayed walking in the garden till twelve at night, when it began to lighten exceedingly through the greatness of the heat.

June 11th.—I saw poor Dr. Burnet's door shut ; but he hath, I hear, gained great good-will among his neighbours ; for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord ; which was very handsome.

June 15th.—The town grows very sickly, and people to be afraid of it ; there dying this last week of the plague 112, from 43 the week before.

June 17th.—It struck me very deep 'this afternoon going with a hackney-coach from Lord Treasurer's down Holborne, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and coming down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind—he could not see. So I light, and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man, and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague.

June 21st.—I find all the town almost going out of town, the coaches and waggons being all full of people going into the country.

June 26th.—The plague encreases mightily, I this day seeing a house, at a bit-maker's, over against St. Clement's Church, in the open street, shut up, which is a sad sight.

June 30th.—To White Hall, to the Duke of Albemarle, who I find at Secretary Bennett's, there being now no other great statesman, I think, but my Lord Chancellor, in town. At night, back by water, and in the dark and against the tide, shot the bridge, groping with their pole for the way, which troubled me before I got through.

July 3rd.—The season growing so sickly, that it is much to be feared how a man can escape having a share with others in it, for which the good Lord God bless me ! or make me fitted to receive it.

July 6th.—I could not see Lord Brouncker, nor had much mind, one of the two great houses within two doors of him being shut up: and Lord! the number of houses visited, which this day I observed through the town, quite round in my way, by Long Lane and London Wall.

July 13th.—Above 700 died of the plague this week.

July 18th.—To the 'Change, where a little business and a very thin exchange; and so walked through London to the Temple, where I took water for Westminster to the Duke of Albemarle, to wait on him, and so to Westminster Hall. I was much troubled this day to hear, at Westminster, how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle-fields, pretending want of room elsewhere; whereas the New Chapel churchyard was walled in at the public charge in the last plague-time, merely for want of room; and now none but such as are able to pay dear for it, can be buried there.

July 20th.—To Deptford, and after dinner saw my Lady Sandwich going to Dagenhams, and my Lady Carteret towards Cranburne. Walked to Redriffe, where I hear the sickness is, and indeed is scattered almost everywhere, there dying 1,089 of the plague this week. My Lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me. Lord! to see how the plague spreads! it being now all over King's Streete, at the Axe, and next door to it, and in other places.

July 22nd.—To Fox-hall, where to the Spring garden; but I do not see one guest there, the town being so empty of anybody to come thither. I by coach home, not meeting with but two coaches and but two carts from White Hall to my own house, that I could observe, and the streets mighty thin of people.

July 26th.—Sad news of the death of so many in the parish of the plague, forty last night. The bell always going. The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, everywhere; so that I begin to think of

getting things in order, which I pray God enable me to put, both as to soul and body.

July 29th.—Up betimes, and after viewing some of my wife's pictures, which now she is come to do very finely, to the office. At noon to dinner, where I hear that my Will is come in thither, and laid down upon my bed, ill of the headache, which put me into extraordinary fear, and I studied all I could to get him out of the house, and set my people to work to do it without discouraging him, and myself went forth to the Old Exchange; and so by coach to Kate Joyce's, and there used all the vehemence and rhetoric I could to get her husband to let her go down to Brampton. At last he yielded she should go to Windsor; so I took my leave of them, believing it is great odds that we ever all see one another again; for I dare not go any more to that end of the town. Will is gone to his lodging, and is likely to do well, it being only the headache.

July 30th (Lord's day).—Up, and in my night-gown, cap and neck-cloth, undressed, all day long—lost not a minute, but in my chamber, setting my Tangier accounts to rights. Will is very well again. It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think, five or six times.

August 3rd.—Up, and betimes to Deptford to Sir G. Carteret's, and so to the ferry, where I was forced to stay a great while before I could get my horse brought over, and then mounted, and rode very finely to Dagenhams; all the way, people, citizens, walking to and fro, enquire how the plague is in the City this week by the Bill; which, by chance, at Greenwich I had heard was 2,020 of the plague; but methought it was a sad question to be so often asked me. By and by met Lord Crewe returning; Mr. Marr telling me, by the way, how a maid-servant of Mr. John Wright's, who lives thereabouts, falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her; who, being once absent, the maid

got out of the house at the window and run away. The nurse coming and knocking, and having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so ; who and his lady were in a great straight to know what to do to get her buried. At last, resolved to go to Burntwood, hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not ; so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before ; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did ; and they got one of the pest-coaches, and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother, being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in a silk dress, and stunk mightily ; which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they come up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague ; which put the young gentleman into a fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again.

August 10th.—To the Office, where we sat all the morning ; in great trouble to see the Bill rise so high this week, to above 4,000 in all, and of them above 3,000 of the plague.

August 16th.—To the Exchange, where I have not been a great while. But Lord ! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change. Jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the plague ; and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up.

August 19th.—Come letters from the King and Lord Arlington for the removal of our office to Greenwich.

August 20th (Lord's day).—Away to Branford ; and there, at the inn that goes down to the waterside, I light and paid off my post horses, and so slipped on my shoes, and laid my things by, and to church, where a dull sermon and many Londoners. After church, to my inn, and eat and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got, between nine and ten, to Queenhive, very dark ; and I could not get my watermen to go elsewhere, for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carrying to be buried ; but blessed be God ! met none, but did see now and then a link, which is the mark of them, at a distance.

August 22nd.—I went away, and walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome farm, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed anybody to bury it ; but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence : this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs.

August 28th.—To Mr. Colvill, the goldsmith's, having not for some days been in the streets ; but now how few people I see, and these looking like people that had taken leave of the world. I think to take adieu to-day of the London streets.

August 31st.—Up : and after putting several things in order to my removal, to Woolwich ; the plague having a great encrease this week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2,000, making the general Bill 7,000 odd 100 ; and the plague above 6,000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the publick, through the greatness of the plague everywhere. Every day sadder and sadder news of its encrease. In the City died this week 7,496 and of them 6,012 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead is near 10,000 ; partly for the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the number,

and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them.

September 3rd (Lord's day).—Up, and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, up to the Vestry at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will, because they are forbid, come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town, for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife now being shut up in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child; and so prevailed to have it received stark naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it, having put it into new fresh clothes, to Greenwich; where, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept in the town.

September 14th.—To London, where I have not been now a pretty while. To the Duke of Albemarle, and away towards 'Change, the plague being all thereabouts. I did wonder to see the 'Change so full, I believe 200 people; but not a man or merchant of any fashion, but plain men all. And Lord! to see how I did endeavour all I could to talk with as few as I could, there being now no observation of shutting up of houses infected, that to be sure we do

converse and meet with people that have the plague upon them. I spent some thoughts upon the occurrences of this day, giving matter for as much content on one hand, and melancholy on another, as any day in all my life. For the first: the finding of my money and plate, and all safe at London, and speeding in my business this day; adding to that, the decrease of 500 and more, which is the first decrease we have yet had in the sickness since it begun; and great hopes that the next week it will be greater. Then, on the other side, my finding that though the Bill in general is abated, yet the City, within the walls, is encreased, and likely to continue so, and is close to our house there. My meeting dead corpses of the plague, carried to be buried close to me at noon-day through the City in Fenchurch Street. To see a person sick of the sores carried close by me by Grace-church in a hackney-coach. My finding the Angel tavern, at the lower end of Tower Hill, shut up; and more than that, the alehouse at the Tower Stairs; and more than that, that the person was then dying of the plague when I was last there, a little while ago, at night. To hear that poor Payne, my waiter, hath buried a child, and is dying himself. To hear that a labourer I sent but the day to Dagenhams, to know how they did there, is dead of the plague; and that one of my own watermen, that carried me daily, fell sick as soon as he landed me on Friday morning last, when I had been all night upon the water, and is now dead of the plague. And lastly that both my servants, W. Hewer and Tom Edwards, have lost their fathers of the plague this week, do put me into great apprehensions of melancholy, and with good reason. But I put off my thoughts of sadness as much as I can, and the rather to keep my wife in good heart, and family also.

September 15th.—With Captain Cocke, and there drank a cup of good drink, which I am fain to allow myself during this plague time, by advice of all, and not contrary to my

oath, my physician being dead, and chyrurgeon out of the way, whose advice I am obliged to take. In much pain to think what I shall do this winter time ; for going every day to Woolwich I cannot, without endangering my life ; and staying from my wife at Greenwich is not handsome.

September 20th.—Up, and after being trimmed, the first time I have been touched by a barber these twelve months, I think, and more, by and by to Lambeth, and thence to the Duke of Albemarle. But Lord ! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river ; and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets ! and, which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor ; that it is encreased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season.

October 4th.—This night comes Sir George Smith to see me at the office, and tells me how the plague is decreased this week 740, for which God be praised !

November 22nd.—I was very glad to hear that the plague is come very low, 600 and odd ; and great hopes of a further decrease, because of this day's being a very exceeding hard frost, and continues freezing.

December 4th.—Home to my house, where my wife hath got a dinner for me ; and it was a joyful thing for us to meet here, for which God be praised !

CHAPTER VII

MR. PEPYS DESCRIBES THE GREAT FIRE

[The City which had been so recently scourged by plague was soon to endure the ordeal of fire. Thrice before in the course of its history it had been almost destroyed by the flames—in 962, in 1087 and in 1212. But the City now was larger and more populous, covering nearly five hundred acres within the walls, and beyond these there were growing districts. Its population was about 350,000. There is no case in modern history of a fire so devastating as that which began in Pudding Lane on Sunday, September 2nd, 1666. The houses in this quarter were practically all of wood, coated with pitch to preserve the timbers; and soon the fire was raging furiously. There was at first little attempt to check it nor could any remedy avail save that ultimately adopted, to blow up houses and interpose great gaps across which the flames could not leap. This was suggested by Pepys on the first day of the fire, and being done at last in many places, proved effectual. But by that time five-sixths of the City had been destroyed. A host of public buildings, the noble Cathedral of St. Paul's, once "the glory of Western Europe," nearly ninety parish churches, and, it is estimated, over a hundred and thirty thousand dwelling-houses, had been destroyed. The houseless people sheltered in such of the churches as had escaped, or encamped in the great, open Moor Fields, and measures were taken to supply their needs. Many plans, one by Sir Christopher Wren, were prepared for rebuilding the City with wide streets, and on a more uniform plan. But these fell through, and eventually the new City arose on the lines of the old, which, for commercial reasons, may be regretted.]

though fortunate from a historical and antiquarian standpoint. Pepys' vivid account may be compared with that of Evelyn, who visited the City while the conflagration raged, but was not an observer throughout its devastating course.]

September 2nd [1666] (Lord's day).—Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke Lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing

them into lighters that lay off ; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but, hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings and fell down. Having staid, and in a hour's time seen the fire rage every way ; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire ; and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City ; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches ; I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me ; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and the Duke of York what I saw ; and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, to Paul's ; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, " Lord ! what can I do ? I am spent ; people will not obey me ; I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers ;

and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home ; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar in Thames Street, and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Houblon, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire ; 'and, as he says, they have been removed twice already ; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also. which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time, it was about twelve o'clock ; so home and there find my guests. We were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. Soon as dined, I away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people ; and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lumbard Street, and further. I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side ; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used ; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters

and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water ; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginalls¹ in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park ; and there met my wife, and Creed, and walked to my boat ; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke ; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you^r were almost buried with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true ; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one upon another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow ; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more ; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fire flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long ; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire, and flaming at once ; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire ; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods ; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire ; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods and prepare for their removal ; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry,

¹ A musical instrument. This is interesting as showing the love of Londoners for music.

and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as being the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves.

September 3rd.—About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Ryder's at Bednall Greenfe, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown in the cart; and Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch things. I find Sir W. Ryder tired with being called up all night and receiving things from several friends. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, and here was my neighbour's wife with some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine. The Duke of York did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now General, and having the care of all. At night, lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone.

September 4th.—Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things, which I did by a lighter. To Tower Street, and there met the fire burning, the fire coming on in that narrow street on both sides with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W

Pen and I did dig another and put our wine in it ; and I my parmazan cheese and some other things. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in the garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning. Walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all of a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits ; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything ; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it. Paul's is burned and all Cheapside.

September 5th.—I lay down in the Office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to the bottom of our lane. I up, and resolved to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about 2,350*l.* down by boat to Woolwich ; but Lord ! what a sad sight it was by moone-light, to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to see our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But going to the fire, I find by the blowing up

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Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

September 6th.—Up about five o'clock, and met Mr. Gauden at the gate of the office, to call on men to Bishopsgate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out ; which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think there is some kind of plot in this, on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets, but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time ; so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water ; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handfuls out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom ; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, but to the Swan, and there was trimmed.

September 7th.—Up by five o'clock, and by water to Pane's Wharf. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's Church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's ; Paul's school also ; Ludgate and Fleet Street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple, the like. So to Creed's lodgings, and there borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry at St. James's who had removed all his goods ; as the King at White Hall, and everybody had done. He hopes we shall have no public distractions upon this fire, which is what everybody fears, because of the talk of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents ; but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves and save their goods : the Militia is in arms everywhere. A

proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leaden-hall and Mile-end Greene, and several other places about the town ; and Tower Hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

September 13th.—Up, and down to Tower Wharfe, and there, with labourers from Deptford, did get my goods housed well at home ; and so, after supper, to bed in my house.

September 22nd.—My house is so clean as ever I saw it, or any other house, in my life, and everything in as good condition as ever before the fire ; but with about 20*l.* cost, one way or other, beside about 20*l.* charge, in removing my goods, and do not find that I have lost anything but two little pictures of ships and sea, and a little gold frame for one of my sea-cards. My glazier, indeed, is so full of work, that I cannot get him to come to perfect my house. In the afternoon I paid for the two lighters that carried my goods to Deptford, and they cost me 8*l.*

October 5th.—Mr. Kirton's kinsman, my bookseller, come in my way ; and so I am told by him that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone, and made a 2 or 3,000*l.* worse than nothing, from being worth 7 or 8,000*l.* That the goods laid in the churchyard fired through the window those laid in St. Fayth's church ; and those coming to the warehouses' doors fired them, and buried all the books and pillars of the church. He do believe there is above 150,000*l.* of books burned. A great want therefore will be of books, especially Latin books and foreign books ; and among others, the Polyglottes and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth 40*l.* a-piece.

March 29th [1667].—The great streets in the City are marked out with piles drove into the ground ; and if ever it be built in that form with so fair streets, it will be a noble sight.

CHAPTER VIII

MR. PEPYS RECORDS VARIOUS STREET-SCENES

[Not the least interesting part of Pepys' Diary is the abundance of vivid touches which recall to us the life of bygone London as exemplified in street scenes. The streets of the City ran very much along the lines they run to-day, and their narrowness was not then found an inconvenience. But the great highway of sixteenth or seventeenth-century London was its noble river, the Thames. Scarcely a week can be found in the Diary where Pepys does not record some journey by boat. The watermen were a powerful fraternity, and prompt to act in self-defence against the insolence of people of rank (see *Dec. 7th*, 1661). The only bridge then spanning the river was London Bridge, not the structure that exists to-day, but Old London Bridge, with its houses and many arches. "Shooting the bridge" if the tide ran strongly, was not always pleasant or even safe. The streets themselves were foul and very badly kept. Most travellers rode on horseback or in coaches. At night, foot-passengers hired a boy with a torch, or "link," to guide them, and it was no uncommon thing for link-boys to be in league with footpads, who infested the streets. After the Fire, the streets where the ruins still lay were especially dangerous after nightfall, as more than one entry shows. The "watch," whose business it was to maintain order, were of little use. The bellman walked his rounds, and the gates of the City were still shut at nightfall. "Newgate" and "Aldgate" were not then mere names. At times great crowds gathered to witness an execution at Tyburn, or to see the passage through the streets of some ambassador and his suite, proceeding to pay their respects to the King. Then anything unusual was likely to be

greeted with jeers. Every craftsman had one or more apprentices, and at times the "'prentice lads" gathered in force to avenge some injury to one of their number. The various crafts, or trades, were jealous and hostile, and at times their feuds led to considerable disturbance. At times, too, the streets were the scene of fierce duels between men of fashion whose quarrels often arose out of the most trivial circumstance. More pleasing scenes were witnessed in the streets and in "Hide Park" on May Day, and the picture here 'outlined of the dancing milkmaids with their garlands is a pretty one. Yearly too, the great Bartholomew Fair, which lasted well on into the nineteenth century, was held, and was visited by Pepys as by others.]

January 16th [1660].—I staid up till the bell-man came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, "Past one of the clocke, and a cold, frosty, windy, morning."

September 16th.—A gentleman in the Poultry had a great and dirty fall over a water pipe that lay along the channel.

April 18th [1661].—About nine o'clock, took horse with both the Sir Williams, for Walthamstow. After dinner we all went to the Church-stile, and there eate and drank. Then, it raining hard, homewards again, and in our way met with two country fellows upon one horse, which I did, without much ado, give the way to, but Sir W. Pen would not, but struck them, and they him, and so passed away, but they giving him some high words, he went back again, and struck them off their horse, in a simple fury, and without much honour, in my mind.

December 7th.—This morning comes Captain Ferrers and the German, Emanuel Luffe, to take their leave of me. Within a quarter of an hour after they were gone, comes the German back again, all in a goare of blood, which I wondered at, and tells me he is afraid that the Captain is killed by

the watermen at Tower Stayres; so I presently went thither, and found that upon some rude pressing of the watermen to ply the Captain, he struck one of them with his cane, which they would not take, but struck him again, and then the German drew his sword and run at one of them, but they were both soundly beaten. The Captain is, however, got to the hoy that carries him and the pages to the Downes.

November 27th [1662].—At my waking, I found the tops of the houses covered with snow, which is a rare sight which I have not seen these three years. To the office, where we sat till noon, when we all went to the next house upon Tower Hill, to see the coming by of the Russia Ambassador; for whose reception all the City trained bands do attend in the streets, and the King's life-guards, and most of the wealthy citizens in their black velvet coats and gold chains; but they staid so long that we went down again to dinner. And after we had dined, I walked to the Conduit in the Quarrefour at the end of Gracious Street and Cornhill; and there, the spouts thereof running very near me upon all the people that were under it, I saw them pretty well go by. I could not see the Ambassador in his coach; but his attendants in their habits and fur caps very handsome, comely men, and most of them with hawkes upon their fists to present to the King. But Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange.

January 28th [1663].—My wife come home and seeming to cry; for bringing home in a coach her new ferrandin waistecoate, in Cheapside a man asked her whether that was the way to the Tower; and while she was answering him, another on the other side snatched away her bundle out of her lap, and could not be recovered, but ran away with it, which vexes me cruelly, but it cannot be helped.

May 1st.—After dinner I got my father, brother Tom and myself together, and I advised my father to good

husbandry. This being done, we all took horse, and I, upon a horse hired of Mr. Gane, saw him out of London at the end of Bishopsgate Street, and so I turned and rode, with some trouble, through the fields and then Holborne, &c., towards Hide Park, whither all the world, I think, are going; and in my going, almost thither, met W. Howe coming; and I back again with him to the Chequer at Charing Cross, and there put up my own dull jade, and by his advice saddled a delicate horse of Captain Ferrers, and with that rid in state to the Park, where none better mounted than I almost; but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed horses, which were very strange, my horse was very troublesome, and began to fight with other horses, to the dangering him and myself, and with much ado I got out. By and by, about seven o'clock, homeward; and changing horse again, I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the town almost. In my way, in Leadenhall Street, there was morris-dancing, which I have not seen a great while.

June 13th.—To the Royal Theatre; thence by coach, with a mad coachman that drove like mad, and down byways through Bucklersbury home, everybody through the streets cursing him, being ready to run over them.

January 21st [1664].—Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the 'Change; and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found Turner was not yet hanged. So I went among them to Leadenhall Street, near where the robbery was done; and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers, one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none come, and at last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak. It was believed there were at least 12 to 14,000 people in the street.

March 26th.—Sir William Batten tells me how, upon

occasion of some 'prentices being put in the pillory to-day, for beating of their masters or some such thing, in Cheapside, a company of 'prentices come and rescued them, and pulled down the pillory ; and they, being set up again, did the like again. So that the Lord Mayor and Major-General Browne was fain to come and stay there, to keep the peace ; and drums all up and down the city to raise the trained bands, for to quiet the town ; and by and by, going out, we saw a trained band stand in Cheapside, on their guard.

March 27th.—In Cheapside, both going and coming, it was full of apprentices, who have been here all this day, and have done violence, I think, to the master of the boys that were put in the pillory yesterday. But Lord ! to see how the trained bands are raised upon this ; the drums beating everywhere as if an enemy were upon them ; so much is this city subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions. But it was pleasant to hear the boys, and particularly one little one, that I demanded the business of. He told me, that had never been done in the city since it was a city—two 'prentices put in the pillory ! and that it ought not to be.

July 26th [1664].—Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorfields, how the butchers at first did beat the weavers, between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery, but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first, the butchers knocked down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised ; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling 100*l.* for a butcher.

January, 12th [1666].—I and my Lord Brouncker by coach a little way, for discourse' sake, till our coach broke, and tumbled me over him quite down the side of the coach, falling on the ground about the stockes, but up again.

January 23rd.—A most furious storme all night and morning.

January 24th.—My Lord [Brouncker] and I, the weather being a little fairer, by water to Deptford, to Sir G. Carteret's house; and my Lord and I, the wind being again very furious, so as we durst not go by water, walked to London quite round the bridge, no boat being able to stirre; and Lord! what a dirty walk we had, and so strong the wind that in the fields we many times could not carry our bodies against it, but were driven backwards. It was dangerous to walk the streets, the bricks and tiles falling from the houses, that the whole streets were covered with them; and whole chimneys, nay, whole houses, in two or three places, blowed down. But, above all, the pales of London Bridge on both sides, were blown away, so that we were fain to stoop very low for fear of blowing off of the bridge.

January 21st [1667].—To Deptford, and walked home, and there come into my company three drunken seamen, but one especially, who told me such stories, calling me Captain, as made me mighty merry, and they would leap and skip, and kiss what maids they met all the way. I did at first give them money to drink, lest they should know who I was, and so become troublesome to me.

May 1st.—To Westminster; in the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly¹ standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-lane looking upon one; she seemed a mighty pretty creature.

July 29th.—To Westminster Hall, where the House full of people to see the issue of the day, the King being come to speak to the House to-day. One thing extraordinary was, this day a man, a Quaker, came naked through the Hall, only very civilly tied about the loins to avoid scandal, and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone burning upon his head, did pass through the Hall, crying,

¹ Nell Gwynn.

"Repent! repent!" Creed did tell us the story of the duell last night in Covent Garden, between Sir H. Bellassis and Tom Porter. It is worth remembering the silliness of the quarrel, and is a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom at present. They two dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's, where it seems people do drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together; and Sir H. Bellassis talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, "What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?" Sir H. Bellassis hearing it said, "No," says he, "I would have you know I never quarrel, but I strike; and take that as a rule of mine!" "How?" says Tom Porter, "Strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!" and with that Sir H. Bellassis did give him a box of the eare; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered. And by and by Tom Porter went out; and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellassis presently; for he knew, if he did not, they should be friends to-morrow, and that the blow would rest upon him; which he would prevent, and desired Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellassis goes. By and by he is informed that Sir H. Bellassis' coach was coming; so Tom Porter went down out of the Coffee-house where he staid for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellassis come out. "Why," says Sir H. Bellassis, "you will not hurt me coming out, will you?" "No," says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew; and H. Bellassis having drawn, and flung away his scabbard, Tom Porter asked him whether he was ready. The other answering him he was, they fell to fight some of their acquaintance by. They wounded one another, and H. Bellassis so much that it is feared he will die: and finding himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter,

and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself ; " for," says he, " Tom, thou hast hurt me ; but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done." And whether he did fly or no I cannot tell ; but Tom Porter showed H. Bellassis that he was wounded too ; and they are both ill, but 'H. Bellassis to fear of life. And this is a fine example ! and H. Bellassis a Parliament-man too, and both of them extraordinary friends !

August 1st.—To the King's house to see " The Custome of the Country." After the play we went into the house and spoke with Knipp, who went abroad with us by coach to the neat houses on the way to Chelsy ; and there in a box in a tree we sat and sang and talked and eat ; my wife out of humour, as she always is when this woman is by. Home, the gates of the City shut, it being so late ; and at Newgate we find them in trouble, some thieves having this night broke open prison. So we through, and home ; and our coachman was fain to drive hard from two or three fellows which he said were rogues, that he met at the end of Blue-bladder Street.

August 8th.—Sir H. Bellassis is dead of the duell he fought about ten days ago with Tom Porter ; and it is pretty to see how the world talk of them as a couple of fools, that killed one another out of love.

September 6th.—To Bartholomew Fair, and there, it being very dirty, and now night, we saw a poor fellow, whose legs were tied behind his back, dance upon his hands, and also dance upon his crutches, without any legs upon the ground to help him, which he did with that pain that I was sorry to see it, and did pity him, and give him money after he had done.

February 6th [1668].—I did find my wife, and with her was Betty Turner, Mercer, and Deb. So I got a coach, and carried them to Hercules Pillars, and there did give

them a kind of supper of about 7s., and very merry, and home round the town, not through the ruins. And it was pretty how the coachman by mistake drives us into the ruins from London-wall into Coleman Street ; and would persuade me that I lived there. And the truth is, I did think that he and the linkman had contrived some roguery ; but it proved only a mistake of the coachman ; but it was a cunning place to have done us a mischief in, as any I know, to drive us out of the road into the ruins, and there stop, while nobody could be called to help us. But we come safe home.

April 23rd.—At noon comes Mrs. Pierce and her daughter, and Knipp, and dined with me and mighty merry, and after dinner carried them to the Tower and showed them all to be seen there. Thence by water to the Temple, and there to the Cock alehouse, and drank, and eat a lobster, and sang, and mightily merry. So, almost night, I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knipp and I to the Temple again and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall, it being now night, and a bonfire burning at Lambeth for the King's coronation-day. And there she and I drank ; and so back and led her home, it being now ten at night ; and so got a link ; and walking towards home, just at my entrance into the ruins at St. Dunstan's, I was met by two rogues with clubs, who come towards us. So I went back, and walked home quite round by the Wall, and got well home.

CHAPTER IX

MR. PEPYS GOES TO THE THEATRE

[The English drama, beginning in the Middle Ages in the form of miracle and morality plays, under the auspices of the Church, developed during the Tudor period into a more regular form. The first theatre was built in London in 1570, and by the end of the century there were four public theatres, of which the best known were the Globe, in Southwark, and the Curtain, in Shoreditch. There were also three "private" theatres, of which one was the Cockpit. Under the influence of the splendid genius of Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, the drama flourished; but in 1642, by an ordinance of the Long Parliament, all the London theatres were closed. At the Restoration they re-opened and attendance at the play became a recognized amusement of the courtiers and other people of leisure. The King saw a play almost every day, as part of his regular routine. But the general populace appear to have attended but little, and hence the two theatres, the King's and the Duke's, provided ample accommodation. The houses were still simple in construction. There was a large stage, at the side of the front part of which were the boxes, and galleries enclosed the pit or yard where were seats without backs. The pit was still open to the weather, and at times a storm would throw the whole house into confusion. Prices, as we learn from Pepys, ranged from one to four shillings. The gallants who frequented the theatre were accustomed to treat ladies of their acquaintance with oranges or wine. There was still practically no scenery, though the dresses made a brave show by candle-light.

Women's parts were at first played by boys ; but in 1661 women began to appear on the stage. The character of many of the popular plays was low, and the dramatists of the period, such as Wycherley and Congreve, have remained notorious for their coarseness. Yet plays of a nobler type were frequently acted.

Pepys himself was strongly attracted by the theatre, so much so that at times he bound himself by oath to abstain from wine and plays for a period of some months, a vow not always kept. In fact, during one week in August, 1667, we find him at the theatre every night. His taste in the drama was not equal to his judgment in music, for though he records seeing many of Shakespeare's plays, he had but a poor opinion of them.]

August 18th [1660].—Captain Ferrers took me to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyall Subject," where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life.

October 11th.—To the Cockpit, to see "The Moor of Venice," which was well done. By the same token, a pretty lady that sat by me called out, to see Desdemona smothered.

January 3rd [1661].—To the Theatre, where was acted "Beggar's Bush," it being very well done ; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.

January 7th.—Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw "The Silent Woman." Among other things here, Kinaston the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes : first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose ; then in fine clothes, as a gallant, and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house : and lastly, as a man ; and the likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house.

January 19th.—Went to the Theatre, where I saw "The Lost Lady," which do not please me much. Here I was

troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half-crown boxe, and I in the 1s. od.

January 28th.—To the Theatre, where I saw again "The Lost Lady," which do now please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all.

December 31st.—I have newly taken a solemn oath about abstaining from plays and wine, which I am resolved to keep, according to the letter of the oath which I keep by me.

March 1st [1662].—My wife and I by coach to the Opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet," but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do, and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.

September 29th (Michaelmas day).—This day my oaths for drinking of wine and going to plays are out; and so I do resolve to take a liberty to-day, and then fall to them again. To the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer Night's Dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

January 6th [1663] (*Twelfth day*).—To the Duke's house, and there saw "Twelfth Night" acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not relating at all to the name or day.

May 28th.—By water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw "Hamlett" done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton.

January 1st [1664].—Went to the Duke's house, the first play I have been at these six months, according to my last vowe, and here saw the so much cried-up play of "Henry the Eighth," which, though I went with resolution to like it,

is so simple a thing, made up of a great many patches, that besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done.

January 2nd.—To the King's house, and saw "The Usurper," which is no good play, though better than what I saw yesterday.

June 1st.—To the King's house, and saw "The Silent Woman"; but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder.

March 19th [1666].—After dinner, we walked to the King's playhouse, all in dirt, they altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms¹ and machines; and indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to see with laughing; and particularly Lacy's wardrobe, and Shotrell's. But then again, to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light, and how poor things they are to look at too near at hand, is not pleasant at all.

December 28th.—To the Duke's house and there saw "Macbeth" most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come; so I did go to White Hall, and got my Lord Bellassis to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players, the King and all waiting, which was absurd, saw "Henry the Fifth" well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habits, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and so far off, that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did

¹ Dressing-rooms.

much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night ; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine.

August 12th [1664].—After dinner, all alone to the King's playhouse, and there did happen to sit just before Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Knipp, who pulled me by the hair ; and so I addressed myself to them, and talked to them all the intervals of the play, and did give them fruit. The play is " Brenoralt," which I do find but little in, for my part.

August 13th.—Sir W. Pen and I to the King's house, and there saw " The Committee," which I went to with some prejudice, not liking it before, but I do now find it a very good play.

August 14th.—To the King's playhouse, and there saw " The Country Captain," which is a very ordinary play.

August 15th.—Sir W. Pen and I to the Duke's house, where a new play. The King and Court there ; the house full, and an act begun. And so we went to the King's, and there saw " The Merry Wives of Windsor," which did not please me at all, in no part of it.

August 16th.—My wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the play acted yesterday, " The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Mar-all," a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce, from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit therein, not fooling.

October 5th.—To the King's house, and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms, where Nell¹ was dressing herself, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit : and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part. But Lord ! to see how they were both painted would make

¹ Nell Gwynn.

a man mad, and did make me loathe them ; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk ! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty ; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

October 19th.—Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, "The Black Prince," the first time it is acted ; where though we came by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box came, by and by, behind me, my Lord Barkeley and his lady, but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat ; and this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York there. The whole house were mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter, which was so long and so unnecessary that they frequently began to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage. After the play done, I home by coach, and could not forbear laughing almost all the way, and all the evening to my going to bed, at the ridiculousness of the letter, and the more because my wife was angry with me, and the world, for laughing, because the King was there.

November 7th.—At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see "The Tempest," an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day ; and so my wife and girl and W. Hewer by themselves, and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves ; and forced to sit in the side balcone over against the musique-room at the Duke's house. The house mighty

full ; the King and Court there ; and the most innocent play that ever I saw ; and a curious piece of musick in an echo of half-sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter ; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays.

February 27th [1668].—With my wife to the King's House, to see "The Virgin Martyr," the first time it hath been acted a great while : and it is mighty pleasant ; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife ; that neither then, nor all the evening, going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me : and makes me resolve to practise wind-musick, and to make my wife do the like.

September 4th.—To the Fair, but saw no sights, my wife having a mind to see the play "Bartholomew-Fair," with puppets. And it is an excellent play ; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it ; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest.

CHAPTER X

MR. PEPYS NOTES POLITICAL AFFAIRS

[Pepys always manifested the greatest interest in public matters, and though not all that he records can be accepted as solid truth, for he entered all the gossip he heard, his pages give a lively picture of political events and movements of his day. An earlier section has shown with what exuberant loyalty Charles II was welcomed. From Breda, Charles had issued a Declaration promising indemnity to all save such as Parliament should except, and from the general pardon the "regicides," or judges of Charles I, were excluded. Many fled to Holland, but ten were executed, and others imprisoned. "A bloody week this has been," said Pepys. Ardent Royalist as he had now become, he was troubled at the shameful indignity offered to the corpse of Cromwell, and he was greatly impressed by the fearless death of Sir Harry Vane. The leading political figure for the first seven years of Charles II was the celebrated Lord Clarendon, who, as Sir Edward Hyde, had been the faithful adviser of Charles I, and the mainstay of the Royalist party during the period of exile. He became Chancellor and largely directed policy. Under his auspices the "Cavalier" Parliament of 1661, so severely characterized by Roger Pepys, passed a series of measures against the Puritans. Yet these failed to crush the Nonconformists, though Pepys was "troubled" to see people seized at a conventicle taken to prison. Able as Clarendon was, he was unpopular with the people and with the courtiers. Nor did his Royal master fully appreciate his services. The growing discontent was increased by the feeling of the old Cavaliers that they were slighted, and when

the Dutch War ended in failure and disgrace, Clarendon, deprived of his office, and menaced with impeachment, fled to France. Pepys' review of political affairs, in the last pages of his Diary, are extremely gloomy. "So God help us," he exclaims; and his entries are a striking testimony to the depths to which England had sunk during eight years of rule by the Merry Monarch.]

October 13th [1660].—I went out to Charing Cross to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross.

October 15th.—This day Mr. Carew was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross, but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up.

October 20th.—This afternoon, going through London, I saw the limbs of some of our new traytors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.

December 9th.—This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it; which (methinks) do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

January 9th [1661].—Waked in the morning about six o'clock by people running up and down talking that the Fanatiques were up in arms in the City. And so I rose and went forth, where in the street I found everybody in arms at the doors. So I returned (though with no good

courage, but that I might not seem to be afraid), and got my sword and pistol, which, however, I had no powder to charge, and went to the door, where I found Sir R. Ford, and with them I walked up and down as far as the Exchange, and there I left him. In our way, the streets full of train-bands, and great stir. What mischief these rogues have done ! and I think near a dozen had been killed this morning on both sides.

August 4th [1661].—After supper, to talk about publique matters, wherein Roger Pepys told me how basely things have been carried in Parliament by the young men, that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men. That they are the most prophane swearing fellows that ever he heard in his life.

August 31st.—Thus ends the month. At Court things are in very ill condition, there being so much emulation, poverty, and the vices of drinking and swearing that I know not what will be the end of it but confusion. And the Clergy so high, that all people that I meet with do protest against their practice. In short, I see no content or satisfaction anywhere, in any one sort of people.

September 30th.—This morning up by moon-shine, at five o'clock, to White Hall, to meet Mr. Moore at the Privy Seale, and there I heard of a fray between the two Embassadors of Spaine and France ; and that, this day, they intended to fight for the precedence. Our King, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business, but let them do what they would. And to that end all the soldiers in the town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train-bands in the City ; and a great bustle through the City all the day. So I went to the Spanish Embassador's and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides ; but the French made the most noise and ranted most, but the others made no stir almost at all ; so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them. Then to the Wardrobe and dined there, and then

abroad and in Cheapside hear that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the City next to the King's coach ; at which it is strange to see how all the City did rejoice. And indeed we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French.

April 19th [1662].—This morning, before we sat, I went to Aldgate ; and at the corner shop I stood, and did see Barkstead, Okey and Corbet, drawn towards the gallows at Tibourne ; and there they were hanged and quartered. They all looked very cheerful ; but I hear they all die defending what they did to the King to be just, which is very strange.

June 14th.—Up by four o'clock in the morning, and upon business at my office. Then we sat down to business, and about 11 o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower-hill ; and there, over against the scaffold made on this purpose this day, saw Sir Harry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the Sheriffe and others there ; and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him to be taken to the Sheriffe ; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so befitted himself, and received the blow ; but the scaffold was so crowded that we could not see it done. But Boreman, who had been upon the scaffold, told us that first he began to speak of the irregular proceeding against him ; that he was, against Magna Charta, denied to have his exceptions against the indictments allowed ; and that there he was stopped by the Sheriffe. Then he drew out his paper of notes, and began to tell them his life ; that he was born a gentleman ; he had been, till he was seventeen years old, a good fellow, but then it pleased God to lay a foundation of grace in his heart, by which he was persuaded, against

his worldly interest, to leave all preferment and go abroad, where he might serve God with more freedom. Then he was called home, and made a member of the Long Parliament ; where he never did, to this day, anything against his conscience, but all for the glory of God. Here he would have given them an account of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, but they so often interrupted him, that at last he was forced to give over ; and so fell into prayer for England in generall, then for the Churches in England, and then for the City of London : and so fitted himself for the block, and received the blow. He changed not his colour or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for.

June 30th.—This I take to be as bad a juncture as ever I observed. The King and his new Queen minding their pleasures at Hampton Court. All people discontented ; some that the King do not gratify them enough ; and the others, Fanatiques of all sorts, that the King do take away their liberty of conscience ; and the height of the Bishops, who I fear will ruin all again. They do much cry up the manner of Sir H. Vane's death, and he deserves it. Much clamour against the chimney tax ; and the people say they will not pay it without force ; and in the meantime, like to have war abroad, and Portugall to assist, when we have not money to pay for any ordinary layings-out at home.

May 15th [1663].—After dinner, I went up to Sir Thomas Crewe, who lies there not very well ; and there I sat talking with him all the afternoon upon the unhappy posture of things at this time ; that the King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thought of business. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies ;

when, God knows! it is they that now-a-days do most study his honour.

August 10th.—Yesterday, I am told, that Sir J. Lenthall, in Southwarke, did apprehend about one hundred Quakers, and other such people, and hath sent some of them to the gaol at Kingston, it being now the time of the Assizes.

November 9th.—Mr. Blackburne and I fell to talk of many things. He tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better; and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of warr. For so generally they are the most substantiall sort of people, and the soberest; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; the lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher; this common soldier, a porter; and every man to his apron and frock, &c., as if they never had done anything else: whereas the others go with their belts and swords, swearing, and cursing, and stealing; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other; and concludes, and I think with some reason, that the spirits of the old Parliament soldiers are so quiet and contented with God's providences, that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them, one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavalier.

November 28th.—To-day for certain I am told how in Holland publickly they have pictured our King with reproach; one way is, with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty; another, with two courtiers picking his pockets; and a third, leading of two ladies while others abuse him; which amounts to great contempt.

August 7th [1664].—I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be caught!

December 15th [1665].—Met with Sir James Bunce. "This is the time for you," says he, "that were for Oliver heretofore; you are full of employment, and we, poor Cavaliers, sit still and can get nothing," which was a pretty reproach, I thought; but answered nothing to it for fear of making it worse.

May 29th [1666].—King's Birthday, and Restoration day. Waked with the ringing of bells all over the town; so up before five o'clock, and to the office. To Foxhall, to Spring Gardens. Staid here till night; then took coach and home, but with great trouble in the streets, by bonfires, it being the King's birthday and day of Restoration; but Lord! to see the difference how many there were on the other side, and so few on ours, the City side of the Temple, would make one wonder at the difference between the temper of one sort of people and the other; and the difference among all between what they do now and what it was the night when Monk come into the City. Such a night as that I never think to see again, nor think it can be.

December 8th.—Mr. Pierce did tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowley who was by, and heard it, that Tom Killigrew should publicly tell the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to keep all. Says he, "There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." This, he says, is most

true ; but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again ; which is a sorrowful consideration.

December 19th.—Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston, the organist. He says many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behind-hand for their wages ; nay, Evens, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12*d.* to buy two or three links. Sir R. Ford made me understand how the House of Commons is a beast not to be understood, it being impossible to know beforehand the success almost of any small plain thing, there being so many to think and speak to any business, and they of so uncertain minds and interests and passions. He did tell me, and so did Sir W. Batten, how Sir Allen Brodericke and Sir Allen Apsly did come drunk the other day into the House, and did both speak for half-an-hour together, and could not be laughed or pulled or bid to sit down and hold their peace, to the great contempt of the King's servants and cause ; which I am grieved at with all my heart.

August 26th [1667].—My Lord Anglesey do bring us news how my Lord Chancellor's seal is to be taken away from him to-day. The thing is so great and sudden to me that it put me into a very great admiration what should be the meaning of it ; but this is certain, that the King did resolve it on Saturday, and did yesterday send the Duke of Albemarle, the only man fit for those works, to him for his purse ; to which the Chancellor answered, that he received it from the King, and would deliver it to the King's own hand, and so civilly returned the Duke of Albemarle without it ; and this morning my Lord Chancellor is to be with the King, to come to an end in the business. Dined at Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Boreham was, who came from White

Hall ; who tells us that he saw my Lord Chancellor come in his coach with some of his men, without his seal, to White Hall to his chamber ; and thither the King and Duke of York came and staid together alone, an hour or more ; and it is said that the King do say that he will have the Parliament meet, and that it will prevent much trouble by having him out of their enmity, by his place being taken away ; for that all their enmity will be at him. It is said also that my Lord Chancellor answers, that he desires he may be brought to his trial, if he have done anything to lose his office. Upon what terms they parted nobody knows ; but the Chancellor looked sad, he says.

November 9th.—The House very busy, and like to be so all day, about my Lord Chancellor's impeachment, whether treason or not.

December 3rd.—Home ; and there met W. Batelier, who tells me the first great news, that my Lord Chancellor is fled this day, and left a paper behind him for the House of Lords, telling them the reason for his retiring, complaining of a design for his ruin.

December 4th.—I hear that the House of Lords did send down the paper which my Lord Clarendon left behind him, directed to the Lords, to be seditious and scandalous ; and the Commons have voted that it be burnt by the hands of the hangman.

January 17th [1668].—Much discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard on the other side ; and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his arms ; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all, in a little measure, wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good councillors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress.

April 22nd.—To White Hall. Then by water from the Privy-stairs to Westminster Hall; and taking water, the King and the Duke of York were in the new building; and the Duke of York called to me whither I was going? and I answered aloud, "To wait on our masters at Westminster"; at which he and all the company laughed; but I was sorry and troubled for it afterwards, for fear any Parliament-man should have been there; and it will be a caution to me for the time to come.

April 30th.—Thus ends this month. The Parliament going in a few days to rise; the kingdom in an ill state through poverty; a fleete going out, and no money to maintain it, or set it out; seamen yet unpaid, and mutinous when pressed to go out again; our Office able to do little, nobody trusting us, nor we desiring any to trust us, and yet have not money for anything, but only what particularly belongs to this fleete going out, and that but lamely too. The Parliament several months upon an Act for 300,000*l.*, but cannot or will not agree upon it, but do keep it back, in spite of the King's desires to hasten it, till they can obtain what they have a mind, in revenge upon some men for the late ill managements; and he is forced to submit to what they please, knowing that without it he shall have no money, and they as well, that, if they give the money, the King will suffer them to do little more; and then the business of religion do disquiet everybody, the Parliament being vehement against the Nonconformists, while the King seems to be willing to countenance them. So we are all poor and in pieces, God help us! while the peace is likely to go on between Spain and France; and then the French may be apprehended able to attack us. So God help us!

CHAPTER XI

MR. PEPYS SEES THE COURT

[Pepys was not, strictly speaking, a courtier. He was too zealous a man of business, nor was he willing to go to the expense involved by following the idle occupations of the Court. Nor was he a gamester, and though at times he took too much wine, this was not at all habitual, and usually repaid him by giving him a severe headache. Yet he loved to bask in the smile of Royalty, to gaze on the Court ladies, to be spoken to by the King, and to kiss his hand. Hence he frequently visited the Court, but usually as a spectator only. Thus we find in the Diary frequent references to Court functions, and at times caustic comments. Particularly interesting is his account of how business was transacted by the King in Council [Sept. 25th, 1667], and his amazement when he found the Court engaged in card-playing on the Sunday evening of Feb. 17th, 1667. With this entry it is interesting to compare what John Evelyn wrote in his diary on February 4th, 1685, in recording the death of Charles II: "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were, total forgetfulness of God, it being Sunday evening, which this day se'ennight I was witness of; a French boy singing love songs, while about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them. Six days after, all was in the dust." Notable, too, is the entry where Pepys records with astonishment what poor conversation the King and Duke indulged in, though he hastens to add that they are spirited princes; and his account

of the dishes borne to the King being tasted by the one who carried them recalls the time when the fear of poison had ever been present at the Royal table.]

December 30th [1662].—To White Hall, where I carried my wife to see the Queen in her presence-chamber ; and the maydes of honour and the young Duke of Monmouth playing at cards. Some of them and but a few, were very pretty ; though all well dressed in velvet gowns.

December 31st.—Mr. Povy and I to White Hall ; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchess at supper ; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by, comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones ; and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York ; and the Duke, the Duchess of Buckingham ; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine ; and so other lords and other ladies : and they danced the Brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto ; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies ; very noble it was, and a great pleasure to see. Then to country dances, the King leading the first, which he called for, which was, says he, the old dance of England. The manner was, that when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand up ; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went home, leaving them dancing.

March 22nd [1665].—I saw the Duke, kissed his hand, and had his most kind expressions of his value and opinion of me, which comforted me above all things in the world.

July 26th.—To Greenwich, to the Park, where I heard the King and Duke are come by water this morn from

Hampton Court. They asked me several questions. I followed them to Castle's ship, in building, and there met Sir W. Batten, and thence to Sir G. Carteret's, where all the morning with them; they not having any but the Duke of Monmouth, and Sir W. Killigrew, and one gentleman, and a page more. Great variety of talk, and was often led to speak to the King and Duke. By and by they to dinner, and all to dinner and sat down to the King, saving myself, which though I could not in modesty expect, yet, God forgive my pride! I was sorry I was there, that Sir W. Batten should say that he could sit down where I could not. The King having dined, he came down, and went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door. Down to Woolwich, and there I just saw and kissed my wife, and away again to the King, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. The Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting or leaping, or clambering.

July 27th.—With Mr. Gander to Hampton Court, where I saw the King and Queen set out towards Salisbury, and after them the Duke and Duchess, whose hands I did kiss. And it was the first time I did ever, or did see anyone else, kiss her hand, and it was a most fine white and fat hand.

January 28th [1666].—Took coach, and to Hampton Court, where we find the King, and Duke, and Lords, all in Council; so we walked up and down, there being none of the ladies come, and so much the more business I hope will be done. The Council being up, out comes the King, and I kissed his hand, and he grasped me very kindly by the hand. The Duke also, I kissed his, and he mighty kind,

and Sir W. Coventry. I found my Lord Sandwich there, poor man ! I see with a melancholy face, and suffers his beard to grow on his upper lip more than usual. I took him a little aside, to know when I should wait on him, and where : he told me that it would be best to meet at his lodgings, without being seen to walk together, which I liked very well : and Lord ! to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry, for fear my Lord or Sir G. Carteret should see me ; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should. I went down into one of the Courts, and there met the King and Duke ; and the Duke called me to him. And the King come to me of himself, and told me, " Mr. Pepys," says he, " I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it."

June 11th.—Walking in the galleries at White Hall, I find the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding-garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just, for all the world, like mine ; and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with periwigs and with hats ; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever ; which was an odde sight, and a sight did not please me.

July 25th.—At White Hall ; we find the Court gone to Chapel, it being St. James's-day. By-and-by the King to dinner, and I waited there his dining ; but Lord ! how little I should be pleased, I think, to have so many people crowding about me ; and among other things, it astonished me to see my Lord Barkeshire waiting at table, and serving the King drink, in that dirty pickle as I never saw man in my life. Here I met Mr. Williams, who would have me to dine where he was invited to dine, at the Backe-stayres. So, after the King's meat was taken away, we thither ; but he could not stay, but left me there among two or three of the King's servants, where we dined with the meat that come from his table ; which was most excellent, with most brave

drink cooled in ice, which, at this hot time, was welcome and I drinking no wine, had metheglin¹ for the King's own drinking, which did please me mightily.

February 17th [1667] (*Lord's day*).—This evening, going to the Queen's side² to see the ladies, I did find the Queen, the Duchess of York, and another or two, at cards, with the room full of great ladies and men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed it; but contrarily, flatly denied the same, a little while since, to my cozen, Roger Pepys.

July 29th.—To White Hall; and looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the King, whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch came upon the coach first to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, methinks, after such a dishonour, come upon the garden; with him two or three idle lords; when one would think his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him.

September 8th.—To White Hall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner; and observed, which I never did before, the formality, but it is but a formality, of putting a bit of bread wiped upon each dish into the mouth of every man that brings a dish.

September 25th.—With Sir H. Cholmly, who came to me about his business to White Hall; and thither came also my Lord Brouncker; and we by-and-by called in, and our paper read; and much discourse thereon by Sir Carteret, my Lord Anglesey, Sir W. Coventry, and my Lord Ashley, and myself; but I could easily discern that they none of them understood the business; and the King at last ended it with saying lazily, "Why," said he, "after all this discourse, I now come to understand it; and that is, that there can nothing be done in this more than is possible,"

¹ Metheglin was a fermented drink made from honey.

² Apartments at White Hall.

which was so silly as I have never heard : " and therefore," says he, " I would have these gentlemen do as much as possible to hasten the Treasurer's accounts ; and that is all." And so we broke up ; and I confess I went away ashamed, to see how slightly things are advised upon there.

CHAPTER XII

MR. PEPYS TAKES HIS PLEASURE ABROAD.

[The following pages need little comment ; they exhibit Pepys in the pursuit of pleasure by making trips and excursions within London or further afield. The Parks then were recognized places of fashionable resort ; the King and Court might often be seen strolling in Hyde Park, or feeding the waterfowl in St. James's Park. Another place of resort often mentioned by Pepys is the Spring-garden at Fox-hall (Vauxhall). This was opened after the Restoration, but the drawback to this and similar places was that they became the haunt of riotous young gentlemen of fashion,

“ the sons

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine,”
as Milton wrote. On Sundays the citizens, with their wives and children, walked abroad to take the air in the fields of Islington, Tottenham, or even as far as Epsom. Pepys' frequent references to such instruments of music as the lute, the viol, and the theorbo, remind us that the variety of instruments in common use then was greater than is the case to-day. Mrs. Pepys, like other ladies who aspired to beauty, went to gather May-dew, a sovereign specific for the complexion ; and it is pleasant to observe Pepys walking in the fields with his wife to gather cowslips, or talking with the old Puritan shepherd on the Downs. Some of his entries throw light on the experiences of travellers in the seventeenth century, as for example, that of the “ filthy sight ” of the body that swung in chains on Shooter's Hill. The beds of country inns apparently were not all that could be desired. Elsewhere Pepys records,

in a journey to Bristol, "Up, finding our beds good, but lousy; which made us merry"—truly a wondrous capacity for being amused.]

January 6th [1660].—I took my wife to my cosen, Thomas Pepys, and found them just sat down to dinner, which was very good; only the venison pasty was palpable mutton, which was not handsome.

January 24th.—I took my wife to Mr. Pierce's, she in her way being exceedingly troubled with a pair of new pattens and I vexed to go so slow, it being late. We found Mrs. Carrick very fine, and one Mr. Lucy, who called one another husband and wife, and after dinner a great deal of mad stir. There was pulling off Mrs. bride's and Mr. bridegroom's ribbons, and a great deal of fooling among them that I and my wife did not like.

February 3rd.—It growing dark, to take a turn in the Park, where Theoph (she was sent for to dinner) outran my wife and another poor woman, that laid a pot of ale with me that she would outrun her.

December 22nd.—Went to the Sun tavern on Fish Street hill, to a dinner of Captaine Teddiman's, where was my Lord Inchiquin, Sir W. Pen, and other good company, where we had a very fine dinner, good musique, and a great deal of wine. I very merry. Went to bed; my head aching all night.

April 8th [1661].—About eight o'clock we took barge at the Tower, Sir William Batten and his lady, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Fowler, and I. A very pleasant passage and so to Gravesend, where we dined, and from thence a coach took them, and me, and Mr. Fowler, with some others, on horseback. At Rochester, where alight at Mr. Alcock's and there drank, and had good sport, with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese. Then to the Hill-house at Chatham, where I never was before, and I found a pretty pleasant house, and am pleased with the armes that hang up there.

Here we supped very merry, and late to bed ; Sir William telling me that old Edgeborough, his predecessor, did lie and walk in my chamber, did make me somewhat afraid, but not so much as for mirth's sake, I did seem. So to bed in the Treasurer's chamber.

9th.—Lay and slept till three in the morning, and then waking by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright, but not bethinking me what it might be, I was a little afraid, but sleep overcome all, and so lay till nigh morning, at which time I had a candle brought me, and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I staid here to see how I am respected and honoured by all people ; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which at the beginning, I could not tell how to do. Sir William and I by coach to the dock, and there viewed all the storehouses, and the old goods that are this day to be sold, which was great pleasure to me, and so back again by coach home, where we had a good dinner, and among other strangers that come, there was Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin : Mr. Allen, and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. After dinner we went to fit books and things for the sale, by an inch of candle, and very good sport we and the ladies that stood by had, to see the people bid. Among other things sold there was all the State's armes, which Sir W. Batten bought ; intending to set up some of the images in his garden, and the rest to burn on the Coronacion night. The sale being done, the ladies and I, and Captain Pitt, and Mr. Castle took barge, and down we went to see the *Sovereigne*, which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way, and among other pleasures I put my lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson and the two Mrs. Allens, into the lanthorn, and I went in and

kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principall officer, with which we were all exceeding merry, and drunk some bottles of wine, and neats' tongues, &c. Then back again home, and so supped, and after much mirth, to bed.

10th.—In the morning to see the Dock-houses. First, Mr. Pett's the builder, and there was very kindly received, and among other things he did offer my Lady Batten a parrot, the best I ever saw, that knew Mingo so soon as it saw him, having been bred formerly in the house with them ; but for talking and singing I never heard the like. My Lady did accept of it. Then on board the *Prince*, now in the dock, and indeed it has one and no more rich cabins for carved work, but no gold in her. After that, back home, and there eat a little dinner. Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedrall, which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence, observing the great doors of the church as they say, covered with the skins of the Danes. And also had much mirth at a tombe. So to the Salutacione tavern, where Mr. Alcock and many of the towne come and entertained us with wine and oysters and other things. Here much mirth, but I was a little troubled to stay too long, because of going to Hempson's, which afterwards we did, and found it in all things a most pretty house, and rarely furnished, only it had a most ill accesse on all sides to it, which is a greatest fault that I think can be in a house. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a base viall, on which he that played, played well some lyra lessons, but both together made the worst musique that ever I heard. We had a fine collacion, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the musique, and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had, I was forced to dance too ; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best humoured woman that ever I saw. About nine o'clock, Sir William and my Lady

went home, and we continued dancing an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other things to be desirous of my favours, and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well, and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's, and there, what with talk and singing, Mrs. Turner and I stayed till two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceeding merry, and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often.

11th.—At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till seven, and then called up by Sir W. Batten ; so I rose, and we did some business, and then come Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew and sang a song or two, and among others, took great pleasure in "Go and bee hanged, that's twice good-bye." The young ladies come too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca ; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we sett forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London, but of all the journeys that ever I made, this was the merriest, and I was in a strange moode for mirth. Among other things, I got my lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well, and so I called [her] my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them, and give him two-pence. By-and-by we come to two little girls keeping coves, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing, and telling her that I was her godfather, she kneeled down and very simply called, " Pray, Godfather, pray to God to bless me," which made us very merry, and I gave her two-pence. In several places I asked women whether they

would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home, and I found all well, and a good deal of work done since I went. So to bed very sleepy for last night's work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

September 16th.—Letters from my father informing me that I must come down and meet him at Impington which I presently resolved to do.

17th.—Got up, telling my wife of my journey, and she got me to hire her a horse to go along with me. So I went to my Lady's and of Mr. Townsend did borrow a very fine side-saddle for my wife, and she rides very well. By the mare at one time falling, she got a fall, but no harm; so we got to Ware, and there supped and went to bed.

18th.—Up early, and began our march; the way about Puckridge very bad, and my wife, in the very last dirty place of all, got a fall, but no hurt, though some dirt. At last she began, poor wretch, to be tired, and I to be angry at it, but I was to blame; for she is a very good companion as long as she is well.

19th.—With my wife, went and rode through Sturbridge fayre, but the fayre was almost done.

April 23rd [1662].—Up early and to Petersfield, and thence got a countryman to guide us by Havant, to avoid going through the Forest. The Doctor and I lay together at Wiard's, in Portsmouth. We lay very well, and merrily; in the morning, concluding him to be of the eldest blood and house of the Clerke's, because that all the fleas come to him, and not to me.

January 19th [1663].—To Mr. Povy's where really he made a most excellent and large dinner, of their variety, even to admiration; he bidding us in a frolique, to call for what we had a mind, and he would undertake to give it us;

and we did for prawns, swan, venison, after I had thought the dinner was quite done, and he did immediately produce it, which I thought great plenty. But still above all things, he bid me go down into his wine-cellar, where upon several shelves, there stood bottles of all sorts of wine, new and old, with labels pasted upon each bottle, and in the order and plenty as I never saw books in a bookseller's shop.

April 26th (Lord's day).—My wife, Ashwell, and the boy and I, and the dog, over the water and walked to half-way house, and beyond into the fields, gathering of cowslips, and so to half-way house, with some cold lamb we carried with us, and there supped, and had a most pleasant walk back again.

June 15th [1664].—At home, to look after things for dinner. And anon at noon comes Mr. Creed by chance, and by-and-by the three young ladies¹; and very merry we were with our pastry, very well baked; and a good dish of roasted chickens; pease, lobsters, strawberries. And after dinner to cards: and about five o'clock, by water down to Greenwich; and up to the top of the hill, and there played upon the ground at cards. And so to the Cherry Garden, and then by water singing finely to the Bridge, and there landed; and so took boat again, and to Somerset House. And by this time, the tide being against us, it was past ten of the clock; and such a troublesome passage, in regard to my Lady Paulina's fearfulness, that in all my life I never did see any poor wretch in that condition. Being come hither, there waited for them their coach; but, it being so late, I doubted what to do how to get them home. After half-an-hour's stay in the street, I sent my wife home by coach with Mr. Creed's boy: and myself and Creed in the coach home with the young ladies. But Lord! the fear that my Lady Paulina was in every step of the way; and indeed, at this time of the night, it was no safe thing to go that road; so that I was even afraid myself,

¹ Lord Sandwich's daughters.

though I appeared otherwise. We come safe, however, to their house.

May 29th [1666].—King's birthday and Restoration Day. After dinner, to the Victualling Office. My wife come to me to tell me, that if I would see the handsomest woman in England, I shall come home presently; and who should it be but the pretty lady of our parish, that did heretofore sit on the other side of our church, over against our gallery, that is since married. And so I home; and indeed she is a pretty black¹ woman—her name Mrs. Horsely. But Lord! to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation; but I must invite them to go to Foxhall, to Spring Gardens, though I had freshly received minutes of a great deal of extraordinary business. However, I sent them before with Creed, and I did some of my business; and so after them, and find them there, in an arbour, and had met with Mrs. Pierce, and some company with her. So here I spent 20s. upon them, and were pretty merry. Among other things, had a fellow that imitated all manner of birds, and dogs, and hogs, with his voice, which was mighty pleasant.

July 15th (Lord's Day).—To church, where our lecturer made a sorry silly sermon. Walked to the Park, and there, it being mighty hot and I weary, lay down by the canal, upon the grass, and slept awhile; and so home and there drank a great deal of small beer; and so took up my wife and Betty Michell and her husband, and away into the fields to take the air as far as beyond Hackney, and so back again, in our way drinking a great deal of milke, which I drank to take away my heartburne. Home, and to bed in some pain, and fear of more. In mighty pain all night long, which I impute to the milk that I drank upon so much beer, and the cold, to my washing my feet the night before.

May 28th [1667].—My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre, and to lie

¹ Dark.

there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with ; and I am contented with it. I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company and the weather and garden pleasant : and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and hear fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising. Among others, there were two pretty women alone, that walked a great while, which being discovered by some idle gentlemen, they would needs take them up ; but to see the poor ladies, how they were put to it to run from them, and they after them, and sometimes the ladies put themselves along with other company, then the other drew back ; at last, the last did get off out of the house, and took boat and away. I was troubled to see them abused so ; and could have found in my heart, as little desire of fighting as I have, to have protected the ladies.

July 14th (Lord's Day).—Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready ; and by-and-by Mrs. Turner come to us by agreement, and she and I staid talking below, while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready ; and taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowle with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly. The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well ; where much company, and I drank the water they did not, but I drunk four pints. And to the towne, to the King's Head. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to church, where few people to what I expected. I to my women into a better

room, which the people of the house borrowed for us, and there to a good dinner, and were merry, and Pembleton come to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry. After dinner, he gone, we all lay down, the day being wonderful hot, to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose. By and by we took coach, and to take the ayre, there being a fine breeze abroad ; and I carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me ; and there I talked with the two women that farm the well, at 12*l.* per annum, of the lord of the manor. Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cozen Pepys' house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves very well, and is a pretty place ; and then I walked thence to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they had lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again ; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was ; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him ; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him ; and I find he had been a servant in my cozen Pepys' house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my

mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woolen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty ; and taking notice of them, why, says the poor man, the downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus ; and these, says he, will make the stones fly till they ring before me. I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horn crooke. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him when he goes to fold them ; told me there was about eighteen score sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them ; and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and so over the common through Epsom town to our inne, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers did drink our bellyfulls of milk, better than any creame ; and so to our inne, and there had a dish of creame, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it ; and so paid our reckoning and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the ayre, and we set out for home, the sun by-and-by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, telling and pleasing ourselves with the pleasures of this day's work. Anon it grew dark, and we had the pleasure to see several glow-worms, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped. So to bed, and there had a cere-cloth laid to my foot, but in great pain all night long.

CHAPTER XIII

MR. PEPYS SEES AND HEARS MANY THINGS

[The following entries well illustrate Pepys' insatiable curiosity. Whether it was to see Lady Pen's goldfish, or a mummy, or the withered body of a long-dead Queen, or an execution, or the corpse of a felon hanged for robbery, or a comet, or an ourang-outang: or whether it was to discourse of whales in Greenland, or petrified trees at Woolwich, or serpents in Lancashire: everything had its abounding interest for him, and all he sees or hears is duly set down. For us, these entries have a further interest in that they recall many a quaint bygone custom. Charles II touched for the "King's evil"; for centuries people had believed that the touch of a royal hand was a cure for scrofula. The little boys walking in procession with their rods remind us that in many parishes it was an annual custom to walk the round of the parish boundaries, in order that the limits should be clearly known by the growing generation; in some places the lesson was further impressed by "bumping" the boys, or whipping them with rods. Our forefathers' lack of care in matters of sanitation is vividly brought home by the picture of the dead man floating unheeded on the river. The belief, prevalent throughout the Middle Ages, and into the nineteenth century, that blood-letting was a sovereign remedy against many ills, induced Mr. Pepys to undergo bleeding. Tea is revealed to us as a rare—and costly—drink; on another occasion Pepys found his wife preparing tea as a medicine! Gentlemen wore huge periwigs, and ladies adorned their faces with tiny black patches. Pepys found pleasure in watching the play in a gambling-den, but

this vice, so characteristic of Stuart and Georgian England, did not tempt the prudent diarist. Nor was he delighted by the spectacle of cock-fighting. The story of the prisoner at Salisbury reminds us how summary and cruel were the punishments of the period. Pepys was no less drawn to the meetings at Gresham College, where each week scholars gathered to witness scientific experiments or to hear learned discourse. From these meetings sprang the Royal Society, and Pepys himself lived to be the honoured president of that eminent body. He mentions the first newspaper of Roger L'Estrange, and in so doing recalls the beginnings of our daily Press. The reference to *Hudibras* is interesting as showing that not even the immense popularity of Butler's famous satire on the Puritans could convince Pepys that the poem had any merit, though he twice purchased a copy. Equally interesting is the reference to tobacco-growing in Gloucestershire. Pepys reminds us also that tennis is a very ancient game. It would not be possible to-day to find a public-house in London where one might drink mum, for though the name survives in official documents, this species of ale, brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, is no longer an English beverage. And though coffee is widely drunk, the coffee-houses of the City are no longer the great meeting-places of the fashionable loungers and the literary men, as they were in the days when Pepys called in at Wills' famous coffee-house in Covent Garden and listened to the conversation of John Dryden.]

June 23rd [1660].—To my Lord's lodgings, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's evil. But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the Banqueting-house.

August 10th.—Unable to think of anything, because of my constant business, not having read a new book, or inquiring after any news.

August 23rd.—Eat a musk melon, the first I have tasted this year.

September 25th.—I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I never had drank before.

October 9th.—Our gentlemen and Mr. Prin dined together. Among all the tales that passed among us to-day, he told us of one Danford, that being a black man, did scald' his beard with mince-pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day.

October 24th.—I went to Mr. Greatorex, and we looked at his wooden jack in his chimney, that goes with the smoake, which indeed is very pretty.

March 25th, [1661].—Homeward, and took up a boy that had a lanthorne, that was picking up of rags, and got him to light me home, and had great discourse with him how he could get sometimes three or four bushells of rags in a day, and got 3*d.* a bushel for them, and many other discourses, what and how many ways there are for poor children to get their livings honestly.

May 14th.—Finding my head grow weak now-a-days, if I come to drink wine, and therefore hope that I shall leave it off of myself, which I pray God I could do.

May 23rd.—This day was kept a holy-day through the towne; and it pleased me to see the little boys walk up and down in procession with their broom-staffs in their hands, as I had myself long ago done.

June 19th.—One thing I must observe here, while I think of it, that I am now become the most negligent man in the world as to matter' of newes, insomuch that, now-a-days, I neither can tell any, nor aske any of others.

August 7th.—At Hatfield we bayted and walked into the great house through all the courts. And I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me.

August 24th.—Called to Sir W. Batten's, to see the strange creature that Captain Holmes hath brought with him

from Guiny ; it is a great baboon, but so much like a man in most things that though they say there is a species of them yet I cannot believe it. I do believe that it already understands much English.

November 5th.—To the Dolphin, where Armiger and I, and Captain Cocke, sat late and dranke much, seeing the boyſ in the streets flying their crackers. This day being kept all the day very strictly in the city.

January 15th, [1661].—This morning Mr. Berkenshaw came, and he and I went to breakfast in my chamber upon a collar of brawn ; and after we had eaten, asked me whether we had not committed a fault in eating to-day ; telling me that it is a fast day ordered by the Parliament, to pray for more seasonable weather ; it having hitherto been summer weather, that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were the middle of May or June, which do threaten a plague, as all men think, to follow, for so it was almost the last winter ; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day.

February 4th.—At noon to my Lord Crewe's, where one Mr. Templer, an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be, dined ; and discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and do feed upon larks, which they take thus : They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them ; and then they place themselves with their mouth uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson upon the bird ; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent ; which is very strange.

April 4th.—I was much troubled to-day, to see a dead man lie floating upon the waters, and had done (they say) these four days, and nobody takes him up to bury him, which is very barbarous.

May 8th.—Mr. Holland come to me, and let me blood,

about sixteen ounces ; I being exceeding full of blood, and very good. I begun to be sick ; but lying upon my back, I was presently well again, and did give him 5s. for his pains. After dinner, my arm tied up with a black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's.

July 4th.—Comes Mr. Cooper, mate of the *Royall Charles*, of whom I intend to learn mathematiques. After an hour's being with him, my first attempt being to learn the multiplicacion-table ; then we parted.

July 9th.—Up by four o'clock and at my multiplicacion-table hard, which is all the trouble I meet with at all in my arithmetique.

August 14th.—By Sir John Winter's coach to the Mitre in Fenchurch Street, to a venison pasty ; where I found him a very worthy man ; and good discourse, most of which was concerning the Forest of Deane and the timber there, and iron workes with their great antiquity, and the vast heaps of cinders which they find, and are now of great value, being necessary for the making of iron at this day.

October 28th.—To the Exchange ; among other things observing one very pretty Exchange lass, with her face full of black patches, which was a strange sight.

December 15th.—To the Duke and followed him into the Park, where, though the ice was broken and dangerous, yet he would go slide upon his skatees, which I did not like, but he slides very well.

December 26th.—To the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby ; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudebras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple ; cost me 2s. 6d. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyterian Knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it ; and by-and-by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.

February 27th, [1663].—Dr. Scarborough took some of his friends. and I went with them, to see the body of a lusty

fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for a robbery. I did touch the dead body with my bare hand ; it felt cold, but methought it was a very unpleasant sight.

May 6th.—To the Trinity House, and there dined, where, among other discourse worth hearing among the old seamen, they tell us that they have caught often, in Greenland, whales with the iron grapnels that had formerly been struck into their bodies covered over with fat.

June 5th.—To Paul's Churchyard, where I found several books ready bound for me : among others, the new Concordance of the Bible, which pleases me much, and is a book I hope to make good use of.

September 4th.—To Westmunster Hall, and there bought the first newspaper of L'Estrange's writing, he beginning this week ; and makes, methinks, but a simple beginning.

October 29th.—Up, it being Lord Mayor's day. This morning was brought home my new velvet cloak, the first that ever I had in my life, and I pray God that it may not be too soon now that I begin to wear it. I thought it better to go without it because of the crowde, and so I did not wear it. At noon I went to Guild hall ; and up and down to see the tables ; where under every seat was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the [names of] persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the Hall but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. We went into the Buttery and there stayed and talked, and then into the Hall again, and there was wine offered, and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me ! but I do hope and think I am not.¹

December 21st.—To Shoe Lane, to see a cocke-fighting at a new p^l there, a spot I was never at in my life ; but

¹ He was mistaken, it was composed of wine, sugar, cinnamon, and ginger or spices.

Lord ! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament man to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not ; and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it. It is strange to see how people of this poor rank that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle ; so that one of them will lose 10*l.* or 20*l.* at a meeting.

January 4th, [1664].—To the Tennis Court, and there saw the King play at tennis and others : but to see how the King's play was extolled, without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight, though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well, and deserved to be commended ; but such open flattery is beastly.

February 3rd.—In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before : where Dryden, the poet I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town. And had I had time there, or could at other times, it will be good coming there, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

May 3rd.—I went with Mr. Norbury, near hand to the Fleece, a mum-house in Leadenhall, and there drunk mum.

May 16th, [1664].—With Mr. Pierce the surgeon, to see an experiment of killing a dog, by letting opium into his hind-leg. He and Dr. Clerke did fail mightily in hitting the vein, and in effect did not do the business after many trials ; but with the little they got in, the dog did presently fall asleep, and so lay till we cut him up.

December 17th.—Mighty talk there is of this Comet that is seen a'-nights ; and the King and Queen did sit up last night to see it, and did, it seems. And to-night I thought to have done so too ; but it is cloudy, and no stars appear. But I will endeavour it,

December 24th.—I saw the Comet, which now, whether worn away or no I know not, but only is larger and duller than any other star, and is come to rise betimes, and to make a great arch and is gone quite to a new place in the heavens than it was before.

February 14th, [1665] (St. Valentine).—This morning comes betimes Dicke Pen, to be my wife's Valentine, and come to our bedside. By the same token, I had him brought to my side, thinking to have made him kiss me; but he perceived me, and would not; so went to his Valentine: a notable, stout, witty boy.

May 28th.—To see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity; of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever, and finely marked they are, being foreign.

September 22nd.—At Blackwall. Here is observable what Johnson tells us, that in digging the late Docke, they did, 12 feet under the ground, find perfect trees over-covered with earth. Nut-trees, with the branches and the very nuts upon them: some of whose nuts he showed us. Their shells black with age; and their kernell, upon opening, decayed, but their shell perfectly hard as ever. And a yew-tree, upon which the very ivy was taken up whole about it, which upon cutting with an addes, we found it to be rather harder than the living tree usually is.

December 25th (Christmas Day).—To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.

January 22nd, [1666].—The first meeting of Gresham College¹ since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talk, in defence of his and his fellow physicians going out

¹ The Royal Society.

of town in the plague-time ; saying that their particular patients were most gone out of town, and they left at liberty ; and a great deal more. But what, among other fine discourse, pleased me most, was Sir G. Ent about respiration ; that it is not to this day known or concluded on, among physicians, nor to be done neither, how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is.

June 25th.—Mrs. Pen carried us to two gardens at Hackney, which I every day grow more and more in love with, Mr. Drake's, one, where the garden is good, and house and the prospect admirable ; the other, my Lord Brooke's, where the gardens are much better, but the house not so good, nor the prospect good at all. But the gardens are excellent, and here I first saw oranges grow : some green, some half, some a quarter, and some full ripe, on the same tree ; and one fruit of the same tree do come a year or two after the other. I pulled off a little one by stealth, the man being mightily curious of them, and eat it, and it was just as other little green small oranges are ; as big as half the end of my little finger.

August 19th (Lord's Day).—Comes by agreement Mr. Reeves, bringing me a lanthorn, with pictures in glass, to make strange things appear on a wall, very pretty. We did also at night see Jupiter and his girdle and satellites, very fine, with my twelve-foot glass, but could not Saturn, he being very dark. Spong and I had had also several fine discourses upon the globes this afternoon, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I neither.

November 14th.—Dr. Croome told me that at the meeting at Gresham College, which it seems they now have every Wednesday again, there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dog let out, till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side. The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as

of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like ; but as Dr. Croome says, may, if it takes, be of mighty use to man's health, for the amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body.

January 27th, [1667].—Walked to White Hall, and there I showed my cousin Roger the Duchess of York, and my Lady Castlemaine, whom he approves to be very handsome, and wonders that she cannot be as good within as she is fair without. Her little black boy come by him ; and a dog being in his way, the little boy swore at the dog : “ How,” says he, blessing himself, “ would I whip this child till the blood come, if he were my child ! ” and I believe he would.

May 27th.—Abroad, and stopped at Bear-garden stairs, there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in there, so forced to go through an ale-house into the pit, where the bears are baited ; and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along, till by-and-by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But Lord ! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him ; and there they all fell to it to knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the battle broke up, and so I away.

September 8th.—I to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner ; where Mr. Cofferer Ashburnham ; who told a good story of a prisoner's being condemned at Salisbury for a small matter. While he was on the bench with his father-in-law, Judge Richardson, and while they were considering to transport him to save his life, the fellow flung a great stone at the Judge, that missed him, but broke through the wainscot.

Upon this, he had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently.

September 19th.—Comes my cousin, Kate Joyce, and an aunt of ours, come to town to see her friends, and also Sarah Kite, with her little boy in her arms. The child I like very well, and could wish it my own. My wife, being all unready, did not appear. I made as much of them as I could such ordinary company ; and yet my heart was glad to see them, though their condition was a little below my present state, to be familiar with. She tells me how the life-guard, which we thought a little while ago was sent down into the country about some insurrection, was sent to Winchcombe, to spoil the tobacco there, which it seems the people there do plant contrary to law, and have always done, and still been under force and danger of having it spoiled, and hath been oftentimes, and yet they will continue to plant it. The place, she says, is a miserable poor place.

November 16th.—To White Hall. I did go into the musick-room, and here I did hear the best and the smallest organ go that ever I saw in my life, and such a one as, by the grace of God, I will have the next year, if I continue in this condition, whatever it cost me.

December 19th.—I hear how the House of Lords, with great severity, if not tyranny, have proceeded against poor Carr, who only erred in the manner of the presenting his petition against my Lord Gerard, it being first printed before it was presented ; the poor man is ordered to stand in the pillory two or three times, to have his ears cut, and be imprisoned I know not how long.

December 29th (Lord's Day).—At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us : and there, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Pen, who is lately come over from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing ; that he cares for no company nor comes into any.

January 1st, [1668].—I met with Mr. Brisband ; and having it in my mind this Christmas to do what I never

can remember that I did go to see the gaming at the Groome-Porter's, I did tell Brisband of it, and he did lead me thither, where, after staying an hour, they begun to play at about eight at night, where to see how differently one man took his losing from another, one cursing and swearing, and another only muttering and grumbling to himself, a third without any apparent discontent at all : to see how the dice will run good luck in one hand, for half an hour together, and another have no good luck at all : to see how easily here, where they play nothing but guinnys, a 100*l.* is won or lost : to see two or three gentlemen come in there drunk, and putting their stock of gold together, one 22 pieces, the second 4, and the third 5 pieces ; and these two play one with another and forget how much each of them brought, but he that brought the 22 thinks that he brought no more than the rest : to see the different humours of gamesters to change their luck, when it is bad, how ceremonious they are to call for new dice, to shift their places, to alter their manner of throwing, and that with great industry, as if there was anything in it ; to see how some old gamesters that have no money now to spend as formerly, do come and sit and look on : to hear their cursing to no purpose ; to see how persons of the best quality do here sit down, and play with people of any, though meaner ; and to see how people in ordinary clothes shall come hither, and play away 100 or 200 or 300 guinnys without any kind of difficulty : and lastly, to see the formality of the groome-porter, who is their judge in all disputes of play and in quarrels that may arise therein : is a consideration I never could have thought had been in the world, had I not now seen it. And mighty glad I am that I did see it, and it may be will find another evening, before Christmas be over, to see it again, when I may stay later, for their heat of play begins not till about eleven or twelve o'clock : which did give me another pretty observation of a man, that did win mighty fast when I was there. I think he won 100*l.* in single pieces in a little time. While all

the rest envied him his good fortune, he cursed it, saying, "It come so early upon me," for this fortune two hours hence would be worth something to me, but then I shall have no such luck. This kind of prophane, mad entertainment they give themselves. And so I, having enough for once, refusing to venture, though Brisband pressed me hard, and tempted me with saying that no man was ever known to lose the first time, the devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester; and he offered me also to lend me ten pieces*to venture; but I did refuse, and so went away.

February 8th.—To the Strand to my bookseller's, and there bought an idle, rogueish French book, which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found.

February 9th (Lord's Day).—It hardly ever was remembered for such a season for the small-pox as these last two months have been, people being seen all up and down the streets, newly come out after the small-pox.

April 6th.—I to the new Cocke-pitt by the King's gate, and there saw the manner of it, and the mixed rabble of people that come thither; and saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport, but only to consider how these creatures, without any provocation, do fight and kill one another, and aim only at one another's heads.

May 12th.—By moonshine with infinite pleasure home, having seen a mummy in a merchant's warehouse, all the middle of the man or woman's body, black and hard. I never saw any before, and therefore it pleased me much, though an ill sight; and he did give me a little bit, and a bone of an arm, I suppose, and so home.

September 1st.—To Bartholomew Fair, and there saw several sights; and others, the mare that tells money and many things, to admiration.

September 4th.—At noon my wife, and Deb, and Mercer

and W. Hewer, and I, to the Fair, and there, at the old house, did eat a pig, and was pretty merry, but saw no sights.

October 23rd.—Away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, towards Tyburne, to see the people executed ; but come too late, it being done ; two men and a woman hanged. Pierce do tell me the late frolick and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets ; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night ; and how the King takes their parts ; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the Constable by the heels to answer it next Sessions : which is a horrid shame.

February 23rd [1689].—To Westminster Abbey, and there did see all the tombs very finely, having one with us alone, there being other company this day to see the tombs, it being Shrove Tuesday ; and here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois ; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birth-day, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a Queen.

May 10th.—Walked to my Lord Crewe ; a stranger, a country gentleman, was with him ; and he, pleased with my discourse accidentally about the decay of gentlemen's families in the country, telling us that the old rule was, that a family might remain fifty miles from London one hundred years, one hundred miles from London two hundred years, and so farther or nearer London more or less time. He also told us that he hath heard his father say, that in his time it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London, that when he did come, he used to make his will before he set out.

CHAPTER XIV

MR. PEPYS RECORDS THE GROWTH OF HIS FORTUNES AND THE DECLINE OF HIS SIGHT.

[In these extracts we trace the gradual progress of Pepys towards fortune. When the Diary opens he was "esteemed rich, but really very poor," and when he cast his accounts at the end of the month he had but £40. But his salary at the Navy Office was £350 per annum, a large sum for the times. His connection with Tangier was also profitable, and he received many gifts from those to whom he had rendered service. Very characteristic is his entry of April 3rd, 1660, that he did not look into the glove until he had emptied it. Yet on occasions he returned gifts when he felt he could not oblige the giver and at the same time do his duty to the Navy Office. So gradually he gathered a moderate fortune. Growing wealth brought growing cares, for it must be remembered that in his days banking (in the modern sense) had not begun. Most people possessing considerable stores of ready money either embarked it in a "venture" (that is, they joined in fitting out a trading expedition), or else they kept their wealth in a strong box in their house. This was what Pepys did, and he lived in constant fear of burglars. At the time of the Fire he was greatly troubled how to dispose of his gold; but even greater was his perturbation when the Dutch fleet appeared in the Thames. In his own words may be traced his agitated dispersal of his resources so that something might be saved if the worst befell. The recovery of his buried wealth was another occasion of fears and anxiety. Finally we see him setting up his coach and parading in Hyde Park with the

best. But these years of growing wealth were also years of trouble in another direction—the decline of his sight. The progress of this affliction may be clearly traced in the pages of the Diary, with many entries that are quite pathetic ; as, for instance, his remark that he knew not how to abstain from reading. To all lovers of books this entry is full of a poignant suffering. He tried many remedies, but the only effective one was to refrain as much as possible from reading and writing, which necessitated ending the Diary.]

January 29th, [1660].—Casting up my accounts, I do find myself to be worth 40*l.* and more, which I did not think, but am afraid that I have forgot something.

May 30th.—I did eat a dish of mackarel, newly caught for my breakfast. All this morning making up my accounts, in which I counted that I had made myself now worth about 80*l.*, at which my heart was glad, and blessed God.

December 7th.—To the Privy Seal, where I signed a deadly number of pardons, which do trouble me to get nothing by.

December 31st.—At the end of this year, I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the principal officers, and have done now about half a year ; my family being myself, my wife, Jane, Will. Hewer and Wayneman, my girl's brother. Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it ! I take myself now to be worth 300*l.* clear in money, and all my goods, and all manner of debts paid, which are none at all.

July 6th [1661].—Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my uncle Robert is dead ; so I rose, sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect : so I bought me a pair of boots in St. Martin's, and got myself ready, and then to the Post-house, and set out about eleven and twelve o'clock, taking the messenger with me that come to me, and so we rode, and

got well by nine o'clock to Brampton, where I found my father well. My uncle's corps in a coffin standing upon joynt-stools in the chimney in the hall; but it begun to smell, and I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and watched by my aunt. I greedy to see the will, but did not ask to see it till to-morrow.

July 7th (Lord's Day).—In the morning, my father and I read the will; where, though he gives me nothing at present till my father's death, or at least very little, yet I am glad to see, that he hath done so well for us all, and well to the rest of his kindred.

July 24th.—This morning my wife tells me of our being robbed of our silver tankard, which vexed me all day for the negligence of my people to leave the door open. To the office all the afternoon, which is a great pleasure to me again, to talk with persons of quality, and to be in command, and I give it out among them that the estate left me is 200*l.* a year in land, besides moneys, because I would put an esteem upon myself. I hear that my man Will hath lost his clock with my tankard, at which I am very glad.

September 8th.—Begin to look over my accounts and upon the whole I do find myself, by what I can yet see, worth near 600*l.*, for which God be blessed.

February 10th, [1663].—W. Warren came himself to the door, and left a letter and box for me, and went his way. His letter mentions giving me and my wife a pair of gloves; but opening the box, we found a pair of plain white gloves for my hand, and a fair state dish of silver and cup, with my armes ready cut upon them, worth, I believe, about 18*l.*, which is a very noble present, and the best I ever had yet.

April 3rd.—I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I come home—not looking

into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold, and 4*l.* in silver.

February 2nd, [1664].—To the 'Change, and thence off to the Sun Tavern with Sir W. Warren. He did give me a pair of gloves for my wife, wrapped up in a paper, which I would not open, feeling it hard ; but did tell him that my wife should thank him, and so went on in discourse. When I came home, Lord ! in what pain I was to get my wife out of the room without bidding her go, that I might see what these gloves were ; and by-and-by, she being gone, it proves a pair of white gloves for her, and forty pieces in good gold, which did so cheer my heart that I could eat no victuals almost for dinner. I was at a great loss what to do, whether to tell my wife of it or no, for fear of making her think me to be in a better condition, or in a better way of getting money than I am.

February 23rd (Shrove Tuesday).—This day, by the blessing of God, I have lived thirty-one years in the world ; and by the grace of God, I find myself not only in good health in everything, but also in a fair way of coming to a better esteem and estate in the world, than ever I expected. But I pray God give me a heart to fear a fall, and to prepare for it !

May 5th.—My eyes beginning every day to grow less and less able to bear with long reading or writing, though it be by daylight ; which I never observed till now.

July 10th.—Up, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's, and there dined. Thence with my Lady Jemimah and Mr. Sydney to St. Gyles's church ; thence set them down, and in their coach to Kate Joyce's, where much company ; and after an hour's stay, left them, and in my Lord's coach—his noble, rich coach—home.

September 9th.—Up, and put things in order against dinner. At noon comes my company. They eyed mightily my great cupboard of plate—I this day putting my two

flaggons upon my table ; and indeed it is a fine sight, and better than ever I did hope to see of my own.

August 13th, [1665].—It being very wet all day, clearing all matters, and giving instructions in writing to my executors, thereby perfecting the whole business of my will, to my very great joy ; so that I shall be in much better state of soul, I hope, if it should please the Lord to call me away this sickly time. I find myself worth, besides Brampton estates, the sum of 2,164*l.*, for which the Lord be praised !

June 13th, [1667].¹—I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country, and, at two hours' warning, they did go by the coach this day, with about 1,300*l.* in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage and good care to hide it when they come home ; but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. I did, about noon, resolve to send Mr. Gibson away after my wife with another 1,000 pieces. In the evening, I sent for my cousin Sarah and her husband, who come ; and I did deliver them my chest of writings about Brampton, and my brother Tom's papers, and my journals, which I value much ; and did send my two silver flaggons to Kate Joyce's ; that so, being scattered what I have, something might be saved. I have also made a girdle, by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me 300*l.* in gold about my body, that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised.

October 9th.—Away to Huntingdon, and come to Brampton at about noon, and there find my father and sister and brother all well.

October 10th.—What company there was being gone, my father and I with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig-up my gold. But Lord ! what a losse I was for

¹ Pepys was greatly alarmed at the Dutch attack.

some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was ; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, and at last to fear that it was gone ; but by-and-by poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spudd to lift up the ground. But to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if anybody by accident were near hand. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that upon my lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth ; and taking up the iron headpieces wherein they were put, I perceived the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten. At last I was forced to take up the headpieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern, by candle-light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there locke them up till I had eat a little supper ; and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and besoms, at last wash the dirt off the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then began to tell them by a note which I had of the value of the whole ; and do find that there was short above a hundred pieces, which did make me mad. So W. Hewer and I out again about midnight, and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in, and to cleanse them, and by this time it was past two in the morning ; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many.

October 11th.—At daylight W. Hewer and I, with pails and a sieve, did lock ourselves into the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer houses ; and there, to our great content, did make the last night's forty-five up to seventy-nine ; so that I am pretty well satisfied that my loss is not great, and do bless God that place is so well ;

and so gives me some kind of content to remember how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it.

November 4th.—To Turlington, the great spectacle-maker, for advice, who dissuades me from using old spectacles, but rather young ones, and do tell me that nothing can wrong my eyes more than for me to use reading glasses, which do magnify much.

November 14th.—To the Office, where about my letters, and so home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being bad again; and by this means, the nights now-a-days do become very long to me, longer than I can sleep out.

March 18th, [1668].—To bed, my eyes being very bad; and I know not how in the world to abstain from reading.

June 23rd.—To Dr. Turberville about my eyes; and he did discourse, I thought, learnedly about them; and takes time before he did prescribe me anything, to think of it.

June 30th.—After supper to bed, my eyes bad, but not worse, only weary with working. But, however, very melancholy under the fear of my eyes being spoiled, and not to be recovered; for I am come that I am not able to read out a small letter, and yet my sight good for the little while that I can read, as ever it was, I think.

October 20th.—This day a new girl come to us. This girl to stay only till we have a boy, which I intend to keep when I have a coach, which I am now about. At this time my wife and I mighty busy laying out money in dressing up our best chamber, and thinking of a coach and coachman and horses, &c. I walked out to look for a coach, and saw many; and did light on one for which I bid 50*l.*, which do please me mightily.

October 21st.—I away to the New Exchange, and there staid for my wife, and she come, we to Cow Lane, and there I showed her the coach which I pitch on, and she is out of herself for joy almost.

October 24th.—This morning come the coachmaker and agreed with me for 53*l.*

November 30th.—My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach. Thus ended this month, with very good content, but most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world ; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired ; and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office ; and by all reports we must, all of us, turn out. But my eyes are come to that condition, that I am not able to work ; and therefore that, and my wife's desire, make me have no manner of trouble in my thoughts about it. So God do his will in it !

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS MENTIONED

Albemarle, Duke of (1608-1670) ; George Monk ; able soldier ; fought at first for Charles I, but later joined Parliamentary forces ; a trusted and faithful friend of Cromwell ; in 1652 was made a " general " of the Navy, and fought against Holland ; afterwards exercised control of Scotland ; took prominent part in restoring Charles II ; created Duke of Albemarle ; commanded English fleet in the great battle off the North Foreland ; always popular and trusted, though Pepys could not understand why it was so with " this blockhead Duke " ; a slow, cautious, honest, dogged, courageous man.

Batten, Sir William, son of a sea-captain ; went early to sea, and became a competent commander ; served in the Navy against the King during the Civil War ; in 1647 resigned his post, but took it again as his officers refused to obey his successor ; in 1648 offered his services to the King ; at the Restoration became again Surveyor of the Navy ; regarded with much dislike by Pepys, though they were outwardly friendly. Died in 1667.

Brouncker, Lord William (1620-1684), son of Irish peer, and a staunch Cavalier ; well-educated, and became known as a scholar. Made a Commissioner of the Navy in 1664 ; frequently mentioned by Pepys, who had no great love for him. First President of the Royal Society.

Buckingham, Duke of (1628-1687), son of favourite of Charles I. Fought at Worcester, fled abroad, but returned in 1657 ; a great favourite of Charles II ; an able, handsome, witty man, but idle, profligate, vain and unstable—

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.

Carteret, Sir George. Born in Jersey, commanded a naval ship in 1637, made Controller of the Navy in 1639 ; captured Jersey from the Roundheads in 1643 and held it till 1651 ; then defeated, and fled to France ; made Treasurer in 1661 ; his son married Sandwich's daughter. Was liked by Pepys, but the latter admitted he was passionate ; hated by Sir W. Coventry. Died 1680. Pepys' account of the courtship and marriage of Sir G. Carteret's son and " Lady Jem " is most entertaining.

Coventry, Sir William (1626-1686), son of a judge. At the Restoration became Secretary to Duke of York, and a Commissioner; M.P., and said to be the best speaker in the House. A very able man, always regarded by Pepys with great respect. In 1668 quarrelled with Buckingham, challenged him, and was sent to the Tower for a time. Took no further part in naval affairs.

Clarendon, Earl of (1609-1674). Edward Hyde, son of a Wiltshire Royalist. A well-known lawyer; in the early days of the Long Parliament attacked illegal acts of Charles; an ardent supporter of Church of England, he disliked Presbyterian influence, and gradually became chief adviser of Charles. For many years directed affairs of Charles II while in exile. At Restoration became Chancellor, failure of Dutch War led to his fall. Fled to France, where he died. A narrow and rigid, but upright and consistent man.

Evelyn, John (1620-1706). A well-known scholar, author and public servant. A moderate Royalist, hating the luxury of the Court, and best loving peaceful retirement among his books and flowers. Friend of Pepys. His Diary is interesting and valuable.

Hewer, William. At first the servant and clerk and, later, the trusted and faithful friend of Pepys. Became a Commissioner of the Navy and M.P. It was at his house at Clapham that Pepys died.

Mings, Sir Christopher (1625-1666). According to Pepys, the son of a shoemaker, but this is not certain. Entered the Navy, and rose to be vice-admiral. Did good service in the West Indies, and in the Battle of Lowestoft, 1665. Killed in the great battle off the Foreland, after displaying the utmost gallantry.

Minnes, Sir John (1599-1671). A naval commander during the reign of Charles I. During the Civil War served under Rupert before the latter was defeated and driven off by Blake. In 1661 became Controller of the Navy. Pepys thought he was quite incompetent, but liked him as being an amiable, jovial old gentleman.

Pen, Sir William (1621-1670). Captain of a merchant-ship before entering the Navy in the service of the Parliament. Served under Blake against the Dutch. Long before Restoration had offered his services to Charles. A Commissioner of the Navy, hated by Pepys, who calls him rogue, false, and mean; but this, perhaps, ought not to be taken without question. His son was the celebrated Quaker.

Pett, Peter (1610-1670). Son of Phineas Pett, a noted ship-builder; himself a capable shipwright, and at Restoration had charge of Chatham Dockyard. Was blamed as being responsible for the destruction of ships there by the Dutch. Imprisoned in the Tower, but later released without trial.

Sandwich, Earl of (1625-1672). Previously Sir Edward Montagu; fought against Charles at Marston Moor and Naseby, but disapproved of King's execution. Served with Blake and became admiral; took prominent part in restoring Charles II. Fought in the battle of Lowestoft; afterwards Ambassador to Spain. Second in command of the English fleet in 1672, and fell fighting most gallantly at Solebay; his body was given a public funeral. The patron and friend of Pepys, who always calls him "My Lord," and never forgot his obligations.

